

Adventure COMICS

GOSH, **SUPERBOY**, I'M
GLAD YOU SELECTED ME, TOO,
FOR ONE OF YOUR SPECIAL
FLYING TRIPS!

Featuring
**"The 1,001
RIDES of
SUPERBOY!"**

HOW CAN MY SON,
SUPERBOY, BE
FLYING WITH
CLARK KENT,
WHEN HE'S ONE
AND THE SAME
PERSON?



Check the Kind of Body YOU Want! RIGHT IN THE COUPON BELOW

...and I'll Prove How EASILY You Can Have It!

Charles Atlas

Awarded the title of "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

JUST tell me where you want it—and I'll add **SOLID INCHES** of powerful new muscle **SO FAST** your friends will grow bug-eyed with wonder!

Do you want me to broaden your shoulders—put trip-hammer power in both your arms—make your legs two pillars of strength? Then just check what you want below. I'll prove you can get it in just 15 minutes a day—in your own home—or it won't cost you a penny!

I don't care if you are 15 or 50 years old—or how ashamed of your present physical condition you may be. I can give you a "barrel chest" and a vise-like grip. I can shoot new strength into your old backbone, exercise those inner organs—help you cram your body so full of pep, vigor and red-blooded vitality that you won't feel there's even "standing room" left for weakness and that lazy feeling. I'll wake up t h a t sleeping energy of yours and make it hum like a high-powered dynamo! You'll feel and look different. Man, you'll begin to LIVE!

WHAT'S MY SECRET?

"**DYNAMIC TENSION**"! That's the ticket! The identical natural method that I myself developed to change my body from the scrawny skinny chested weakling I was at 17

to my present superman physique! Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens—my way. I give you no gadgets or contraptions to fool with.

When you have learned to develop your strength through "**Dynamic Tension**" you can laugh at the artificial muscle-makers. You simply utilize the **DORMANT** muscle-power in your own God-given body—watch it increase and multiply double-quick into real solid **LIVE MUSCLE**.

My method—"**Dynamic Tension**" will turn the trick for you. No theory—so easy! Spend only 15 minutes a day in your own home. From the very start you'll be using my method of "**Dynamic Tension**" almost unconsciously every minute of the day—walking, bending over, etc.—to **BUILD THE MUSCLE** and **VITALITY** you want. And you'll be using the method which many great athletes use for keeping in condition—prize fighters, wrestlers, baseball and football players, etc.

ARE YOU

Skinny, Weak and run down?
Always tired?
Nervous?
Lacking in confidence?
Suffering from bad breath?
Fat and flabby?
Do you want to lose or gain weight?
WHAT TO DO ABOUT IT is told in my **FREE BOOK**

FREE

Illustrated 32-Page Book. Just Mail the Coupon.

SEND NOW for my book describing my famous method. (Over 3½ MILLION fellows have sent for it already.) It contains 32 pages, packed from cover to cover with actual photographs and valuable advice. Shows what "**Dynamic Tension**" has done for others, answers many vital questions. Page by page it shows what I can do for YOU.

This book is a real prize for any fellow who wants a better build. Yet I'll send you a copy absolutely **FREE**. Just glancing through it may mean the turning point in your whole life! Check the information you want (in the coupon below) and rush it to me personally. **CHARLES ATLAS**, Dept. 3543 115 East 23rd St., N. Y. 10, N. Y.



Here's The Kind of Results I Get:

"I gained 11 lbs. and 4¼ inches on my chest, 3 inches on my arms. I am never constipated."

—Henry Neven, Canada

"I gained 34 lbs. and increased my chest 6 inches!"

—Stanley Lynn, Calif.
"What a difference! Have put 3½ inches on my chest (normal) and 2½ inches expanded."

—F. S., New York

"Gained 29 lbs. When I started

your course I weighed only 141. Now I weigh 170."

—T. K., New York

"The benefits are wonderful. The first week my arm increased one inch, my chest two inches."

—E. M., Conn.

"You changed me from a weakling to a real he-man. My chest has gone up 6 inches. I am a solid mass of muscle."

—J. W., Montana



VALUABLE TROPHY GIVEN AWAY

No the envy of friends! Win this strikingly handsome "Atlas Champions" trophy, over 1½ ft. high! All pupils eligible.

CHARLES ATLAS, DEPT. 3543

115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

Dear Charles Atlas: Here's the kind of Body I Want:

(Check as many as you like)

- ☐ More Weight—Solid—in The Right Places
- ☐ Broader Chest and Shoulders
- ☐ More Powerful Arms and Grip
- ☐ Slimmer Waist and Hips
- ☐ More Powerful Leg Muscles
- ☐ Better Sleep, More Energy

Send me absolutely **FREE** a copy of your famous book showing how "**Dynamic Tension**" can make me a new man—32 pages, crammed with photographs, answers to vital health questions, and valuable advice. I understand this book is mine to keep and sending for it does not obligate me in any way.

Name.....Age.....
(Please print or write plainly)

Address.....

City.....State.....

☐ If under 14 years of age check for Booklet A.

SUPERBOY

The ADVENTURES of
SUPERMAN
WHEN HE WAS A BOY

BUT, **SUPERBOY**-- WHY DID YOU REPEAT THIS **MERCY FLIGHT** OF LAST YEAR, WHEN WE SAVED SICK MEN? THE CAMP IS DESERTED NOW!

I HAD TO DO IT, DOCTOR... BUT I CAN'T TELL YOU WHY!



1. YOU NEEDED TO GET SOMEWHERE IN A HURRY. WOULDN'T IT BE GREAT FOR **SUPERBOY** TO COME ALONG AND FLY YOU THERE AT **SUPER-SPEED**? WELL, MANY FORTUNATE FOLKS IN SMALLVILLE, **SUPERBOY'S** HOME TOWN, HAVE THRILLED TO SUCH **SUPER-FLIGHTS!** BUT IT ALL SUDDENLY BECOMES A BAFFLING RIDDLE OF REPETITION, WHEN THE **BOY OF STEEL**, FOR NO APPARENT REASON, DECIDES TO REPEAT...

1,001 RIDES
WITH
SUPERBOY



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ONCE A YEAR, THE WORLD'S MOST UNUSUAL CLUB HOLDS A MEETING IN THE TOWN OF SMALLVILLE...



GREETINGS, FELLOW MEMBERS OF THE **SUPER-FLYERS!** EACH OF US HAS HAD AN AMAZING FLYING EXPERIENCE, THOUGH NOT IN A PLANE OR FLYING SHIP OF ANY KIND!



WE HAVE EACH HAD THE MOST THRILLING FLIGHTS OF ALL... A RIDE WITH **SUPERBOY!**



WE WILL NOW WELCOME NEW MEMBERS, WHO FLEW WITH **SUPERBOY** FOR THE FIRST TIME, DURING THE PAST YEAR! EACH WILL RELATE HIS SUPER-FLIGHT! FIRST, DR. JAMES PEABODY...

WELL, IT HAPPENED LAST WINTER...



"WHEN AN ARCTIC EXPEDITION SENT A DESPERATE CALL FOR ASSISTANCE..."

S.O.S! S.O.S! EPIDEMIC STRUCK OUR CAMP... NEED PENICILLIN BADLY... PLEASE RUSH SOME BY PLANE!



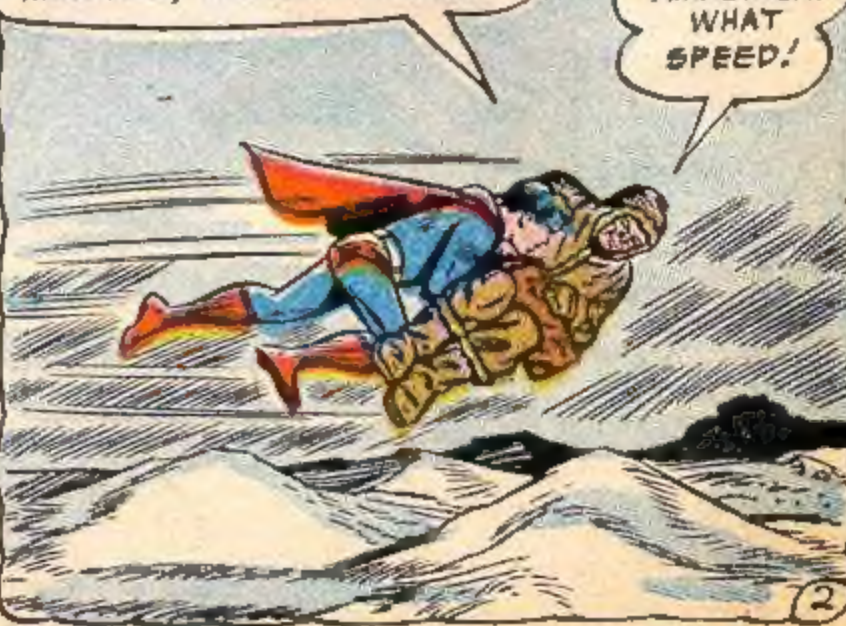
"A SMALLVILLE RADIO HAM PICKED UP THE CALL AND INFORMED ME, BUT I MET A PROBLEM..."

I HAVE MY BAG PACKED WITH PENICILLIN... BUT ALL PLANES ARE GROUNDED BY THIS SNOW-STORM IN SMALLVILLE! WAIT... IS THAT **SUPERBOY** COMING?

"YES, **SUPERBOY** HAD HEARD THE NEWS-- AND SO, AFTER I WAS WARMLY BUNDLED UP..."

STRAIGHT NORTH 5,000 MILES, EH? HAVE YOU THERE IN A FEW MINUTES, DOCTOR PEABODY!

AMAZING... WHAT SPEED!



"BEFORE I KNEW IT, WE'D REACHED THE STRICKEN CAMP..."

THIS PENICILLIN WILL CURE YOU ALL SOON, MEN!

BLESS YOU, SUPERBOY!

A MOST MOVING STORY, DR. PEABODY! NEXT, CHARLES OTIS WILL TELL OF HIS STRANGE FLIGHT WITH SUPERBOY!

ACTUALLY, I DIDN'T FLY WITH HIM--YET IT WAS A SUPER-FLIGHT! YOU SEE, I'M A STEEPLE-JACK--

SUPER-FLIGHT

--AND ONE DAY, I SLIPPED FROM A GREAT HEIGHT..."

HELP!... HELP!

ONLY SUPERBOY CAN SAVE ME! WILL HIS SUPER-HEARING PICK UP MY CRY?

"SUPERBOY DID HEAR ME--BUT, AS LUCK WOULD HAVE IT, HE WAS UNABLE TO COME AT THAT MOMENT..."

MY TELESCOPIC VISION SHOWS THAT MAN FALLING... BUT I HAVE TO HOLD UP THIS SAGGING BRIDGE TILL THE TRAIN CROSSES!

ONLY ONE THING TO DO...SEND A BLAST OF SUPER-BREATH TO WHERE HE'S FALLING! IT'LL NOT ONLY STOP HIM IN MID-AIR...

...BUT ALSO SEND HIM BACK UP!

RIGHT BACK TO MY SCAFFOLD, AS IF I'M "FLYING"!



THAT WAS INDEED A SUPER-FLIGHT! HMM... IT'S GETTING LATE! I WONDER IF **SUPERBOY** WILL SHOW UP TO HONOR US... OR DID HE FORGET HIS PROMISE?

THE ANSWER, AT THIS VERY MOMENT, LIES FAR OUT IN SPACE...

I DIDN'T FORGET MY APPOINTMENT AT THE **SUPER-FLYERS CLUB**, BUT I HAD TO STOP THIS METEOR FIRST! HMM-- IT SEEMS TO BE LOADED WITH COSMIC ENERGY... I'LL BRING IT BACK FOR SCIENTIFIC STUDY!



UPON RETURNING TO EARTH...



I'LL LEAVE IT OUTSIDE TOWN TILL AFTER MY APPOINTMENT AND... **GREAT SCOTT!** IT EXPLODED WHEN IT TOUCHED GROUND!

BOOM

INVULNERABLE TO HARM, THE BOY OF STEEL DEPARTS, A FEW MINUTES LATER...



NOW TO THE CLUB! LITTLE DO THEY REALIZE WHAT A SURPRISE I'VE GOT IN STORE FOR THEM!

SOON...



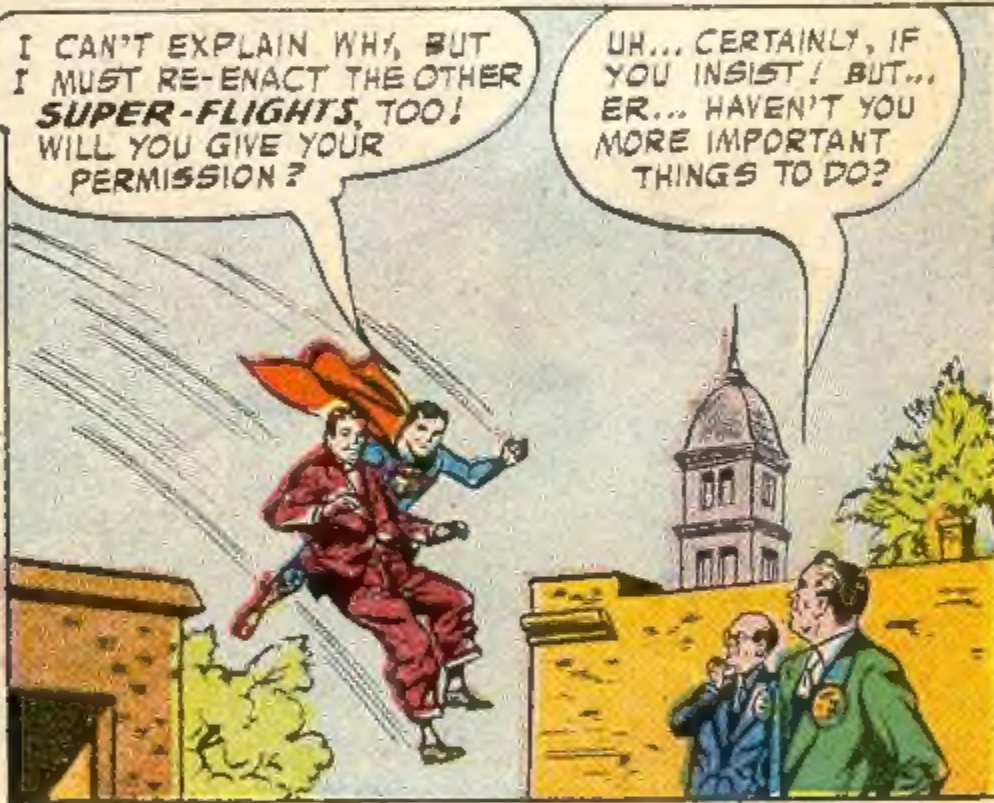
AH... HERE COMES **SUPERBOY**, OUR GUEST OF HONOR, JUST IN TIME TO HEAR THE THIRD MAN TELL OF HIS **SUPER-FLIGHT!**

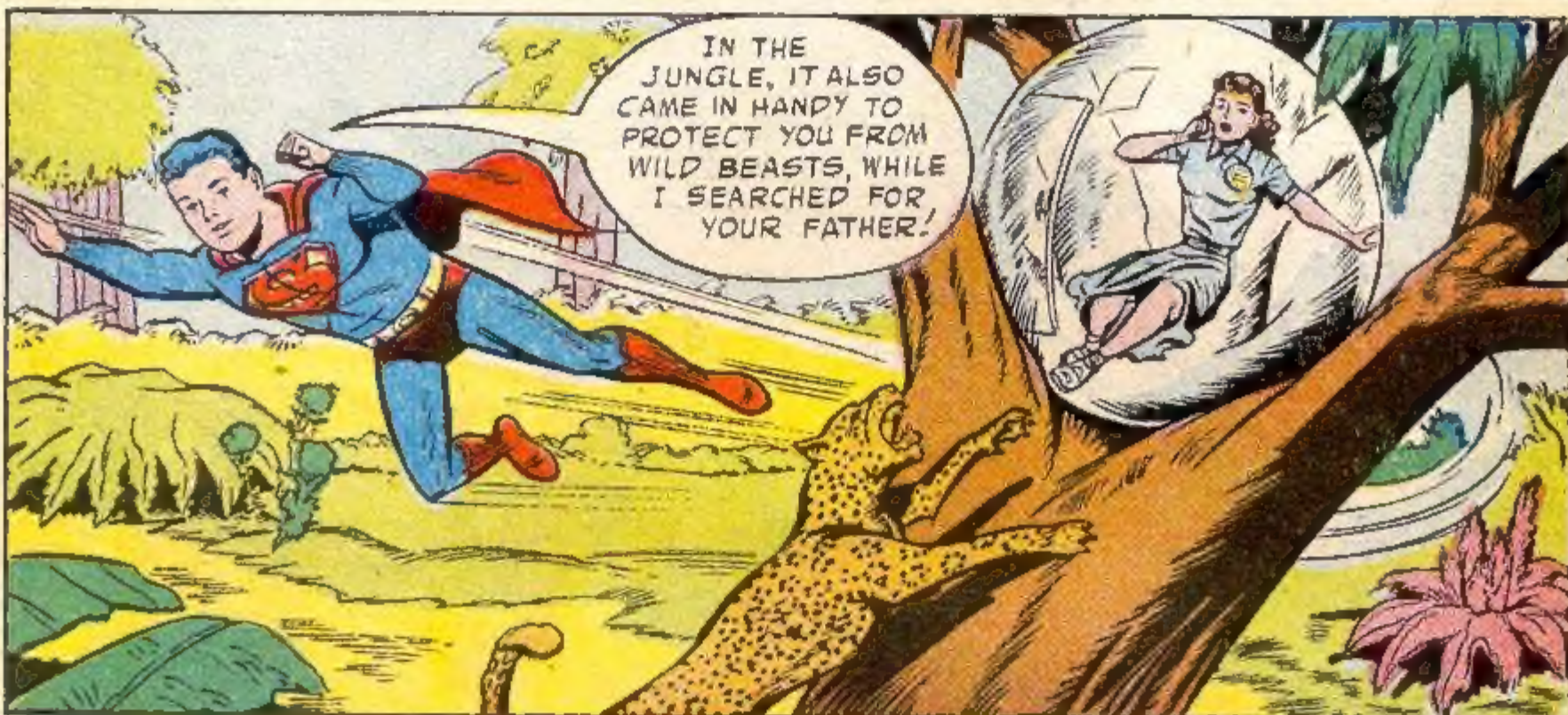
HE WON'T HAVE TO TELL IT! COME TO THE ROOF, ALL OF YOU!

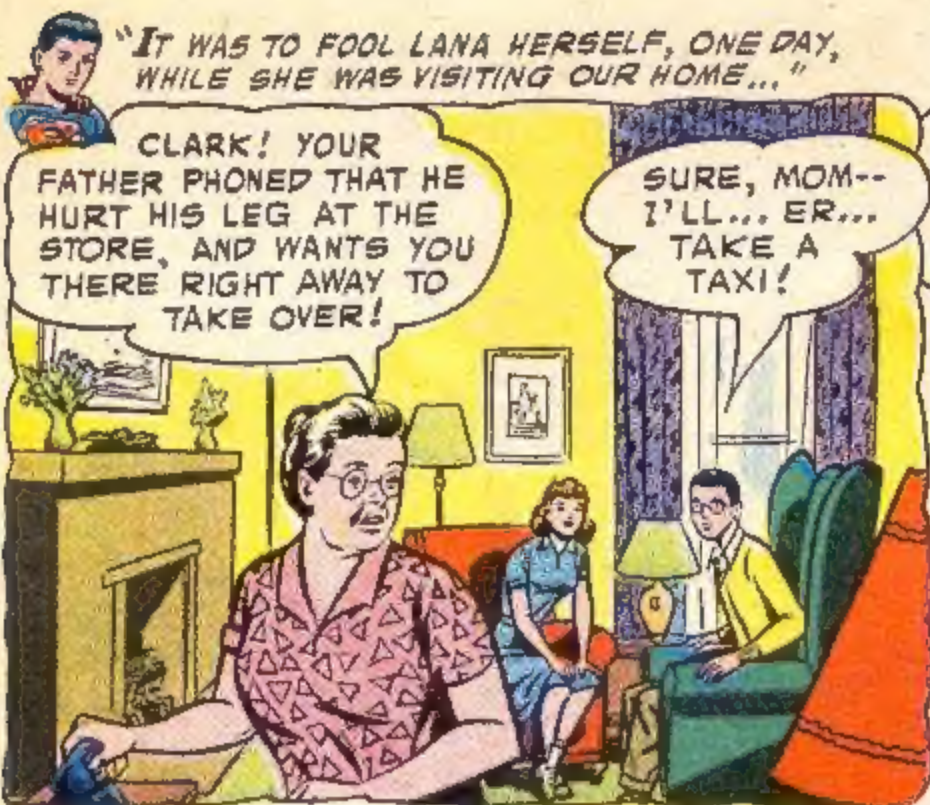
YOU CAN ALL WATCH AS WE DO IT OVER AGAIN, EXACTLY AS IT HAPPENED!



BUT... BUT WHY ARE YOU REPEATING MY **SUPER-FLIGHT, SUPERBOY?**







"IT WAS TO FOOL LANA HERSELF, ONE DAY, WHILE SHE WAS VISITING OUR HOME..."

CLARK! YOUR FATHER PHONED THAT HE HURT HIS LEG AT THE STORE, AND WANTS YOU THERE RIGHT AWAY TO TAKE OVER!

SURE, MOM-- I'LL... ER... TAKE A TAXI!

"AS USUAL, THIS AROUSED LANA'S OLD SUSPICIONS..."

BUT, CLARK... IN AN EMERGENCY LIKE THIS, ANYBODY ELSE WOULD CALL **SUPERBOY!** HE'D PICK UP YOUR CALL WITH HIS **SUPER-HEARING**, AND DELIVER YOU THERE IN NO TIME AT ALL!

SHE'S RIGHT--WHY **SHOULDN'T I CALL SUPERBOY, UNLESS... I MUST THINK OF SOMETHING FAST!**



"HITTING ON A QUICK IDEA, I SHOUTED OUT FOR **SUPERBOY--** AND, A MOMENT LATER..."

HERE HE COMES!

I'M STILL SUSPICIOUS! THAT COULD BE A BALLOON WHICH HE KEEPS HANDY FOR EMERGENCIES LIKE THIS!

THIS PIN WILL SETTLE... OH, MY GOODNESS! IT BENT... HE'S REALLY **SUPERBOY!**

IT DIDN'T OCCUR TO HER THAT "CLARK" MIGHT BE A DUMMY...

"... BECAUSE SHE WASN'T AWARE OF MY **REAL** OBJECT WHEN I SHOUTED FOR **SUPERBOY!**"

SUPERBOY! I NEED YOU!

THAT BLOWS HER HAIR OVER HER EYES MOMENTARILY...



"BUT THAT WAS LONG ENOUGH FOR SOME **SUPER-SPEED ACTION...**"

HIS REMINISCING OVER, **SUPERBOY FINDS HIMSELF FACING THE SAME TRAP TWICE!**

NOW TO CHANGE...

...AND BRING OUT MY HIDDEN CLARK KENT DUMMY! LANA WILL THINK I'M A BALLOON WHEN I FLY IN!

AND NOW, TO AVOID SUSPICION, I'LL HAVE TO REPEAT CLARK'S **SUPER-FLIGHT**, GIVING LANA A **SECOND CHANCE** TO EXPOSE MY **BALLOON TRICK!**



WITH THIS PROBLEM ON HIS MIND, **SUPERBOY** CONTINUES REPEATING SOME OTHER SUPER-FLIGHTS...

ONCE, AFTER SMASHING A RADIOACTIVE COMET APPROACHING EARTH, THE BRILLIANT FLASH TEMPORARILY BLINDED ME!

AND I WAS YOUR "SEEING-EYE" BOY FOR AN HOUR! I POINTED OUT A CRIME TO YOU!



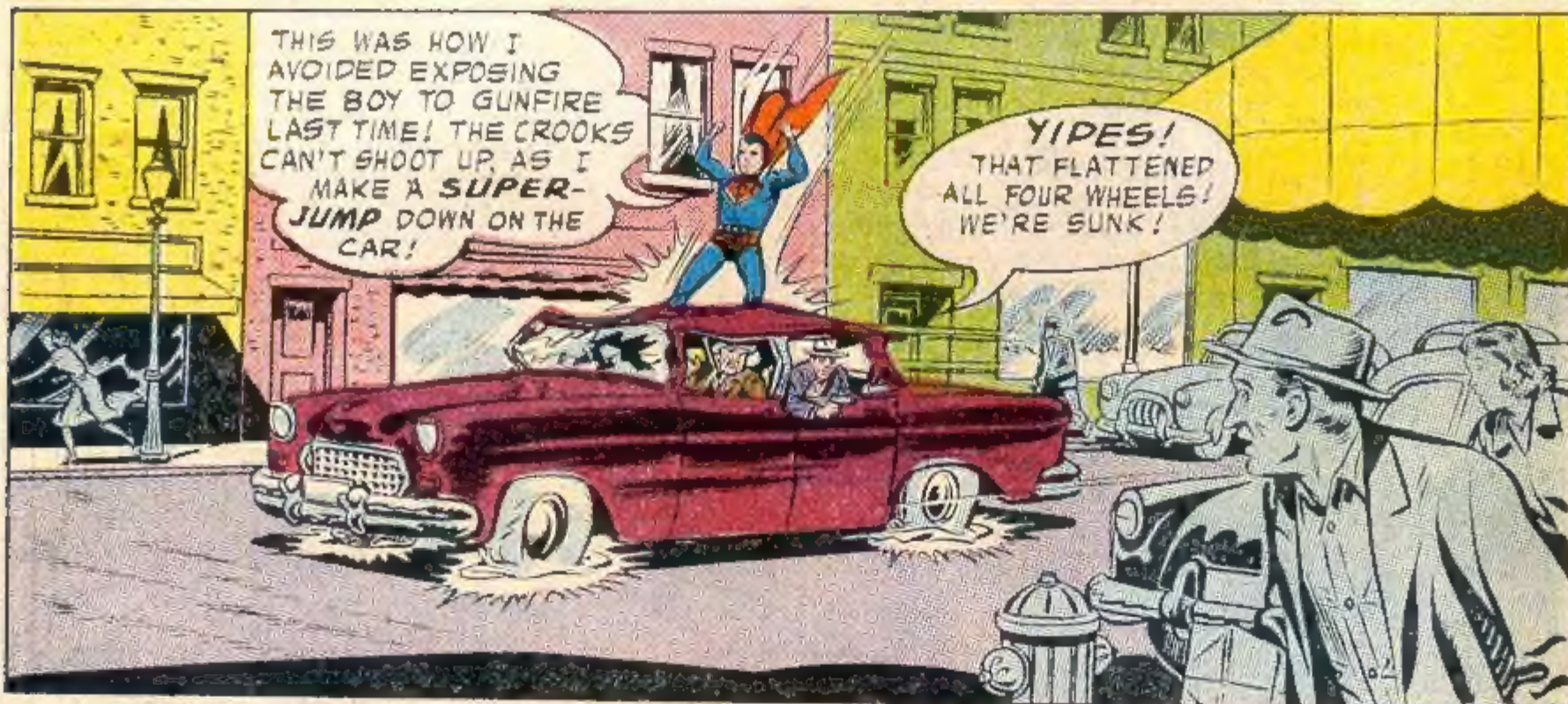
BUT THIS TIME, HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF...

GOSH, LOOK... ANOTHER ROBBERY AT THE SAME PLACE! YOU CAN STOP THEIR GETAWAY CAR, JUST LIKE LAST TIME!



THIS WAS HOW I AVOIDED EXPOSING THE BOY TO GUNFIRE LAST TIME! THE CROOKS CAN'T SHOOT UP, AS I MAKE A **SUPER-JUMP** DOWN ON THE CAR!

YIPES! THAT FLATTENED ALL FOUR WHEELS! WE'RE SUNK!



HEY, WASN'T THIS JUST HOW MY PAL BLACKY WAS CAUGHT LAST TIME, WHEN **SUPERBOY** USED A "SEEING-EYE" BOY?

YES, BUT DON'T GET ANY BRIGHT IDEAS THAT **SUPERBOY** IS BLIND THIS TIME! HE'S ONLY REPEATING EVENTS FOR THE **SUPER-FLYERS CLUB**—THOUGH NOBODY KNOWS WHY!

ALL THROUGH TOWN, SPECULATION RUNS RIFE OVER **SUPERBOY'S** STRANGE ACTIONS...

IS HE TRYING TO CORRECT SOME MISTAKE HE MADE LAST TIME?

MAYBE IT'S FOR CHARITY MONEY, WITH SOME MOVIE OUTFIT TAKING FILMS?

MARK MY WORDS, HE'S FOLLOWING UP SOME CRIME CASE, IN A CLEVER, ROUNDABOUT WAY!



AND THIS THOUGHT WORRIES THE UNDERWORLD, TOO...

WITH **SUPERBOY** BUSY ON THOSE CRAZY STUNTS, WHY NOT PULL A JOB...? **OUCH!**

DIMMIT! THAT MAY BE JUST WHAT HE **WANTS!** BUT HE WON'T SMOKE **US** OUT... WE'LL LAY LOW TILL THIS IS ALL OVER!

NOBODY WILL GUESS THE REAL REASON! AND NOW, WHILE THE CLUB IS RECESSING, I'LL TIP OFF MOM AND DAD KENT! ALSO, I'LL ARRANGE SOME WAY TO FOIL LANA LATER. I HOPE!

AFTER **SUPERBOY** INFORMS HIS FOSTER PARENTS...

NOW I UNDERSTAND, SON... THIS CLEVER PLAN IS THE ONLY SAFE WAY TO SOLVE YOUR PROBLEM! AND I'LL DO MY PART TO FOOL LANA, TOO!

THANKS, DAD--I HOPE IT WORKS! IN ANY CASE, MY SECRET REASON FOR THE REPEATED FLIGHTS IS STILL UNKNOWN!

BUT ON THE WAY BACK TO THE CLUB, WHY DOES **SUPERBOY** SHIRK A CERTAIN GOOD DEED?...

WILL SOMEONE PLEASE HELP ME CROSS THE STREET?

OH, OH... I'LL WHISK OUT OF SIGHT AND LET THAT OTHER BOY DO IT! IF I HELPED THAT OLD LADY, IT WOULD GIVE AWAY MY WHOLE SECRET!

HAVE YOU GUESSED WHY THIS SIMPLE DEED WOULD BETRAY **SUPERBOY**? SEE IF YOU CAN GUESS, WHILE THE MYSTERY OF THE DUPLICATED FLIGHTS CONTINUES...

MY CANNON SPRING BROKE... BUT **SUPERBOY** SAVED MY **HUMAN CANNON-BALL** ACT, BY **THROWING** ME INTO THE NET!

SEE DEE

YOU'RE SO KIND, **SUPERBOY**! WE COULDN'T AFFORD A GRAND SIGHT-SEEING TOUR LIKE THIS LAST TIME... OR NOW!

YOUR PLANE CRACKED UP, BUT I HELPED YOU FINISH YOUR SKYWRITING AD!



ADVENTURE COMICS



PERHAPS THE MOST USUAL OF THE THICE-DONE FLIGHTS OCCURS WHEN...

ON MY WAY TO A FIVE IN THE NEXT TOWN, I DIDN'T EVEN NOTICE THE ROPE YOU FLUNG AROUND ME, FROM YOUR ROOF!

I HAD AN URGENT BUSINESS APPOINTMENT IN MIDVALE! I'M THE MAN WHO HITCHED A RIDE WITH SUPERBOY!

AT LAST COMES THE FATEFUL FLIGHT OF CLARK KENT...

NOW TAKE ME TO THE KENT HOME, **SUPERBOY**, TO REPEAT CLARK'S FLIGHT!

AND THIS TIME I'LL PROVE ONE OF THEM A DUMMY... HA, HA!

SHORTLY...

YOU FLY UP AND COME IN THE WINDOW, AS IF ANSWERING CLARK'S CALL, LIKE LAST TIME!

I NEVER TOOK MY EYES OFF HIM FOR A SECOND! SINCE THAT'S REALLY **SUPERBOY**, CLARK KENT MUST BE THE DUMMY!

DAD KENT IS HELPING **SUPERBOY**, OF COURSE, BUT HE'S A LITTLE AT EASE, AND CAN HARDLY KEEP "CLARK" FROM FLOATING... LIKE A **BALLOON**!

HERE COMES **SUPERBOY**, LANA... LIKE LAST TIME!

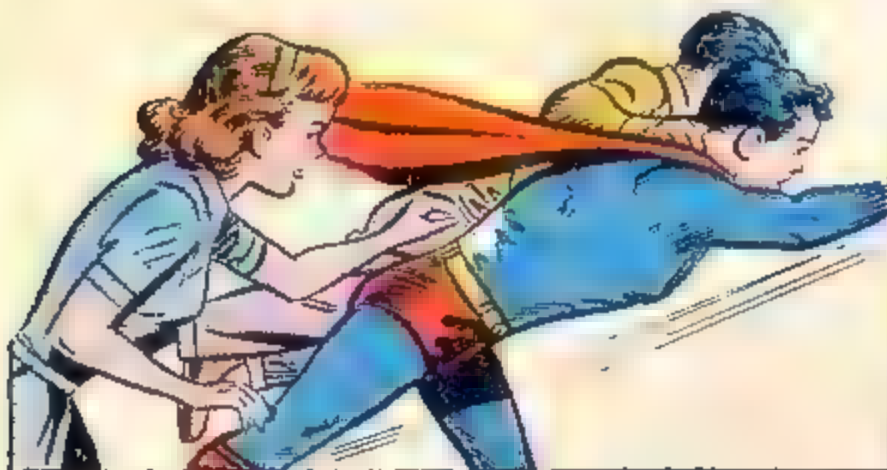
SUPER-VENTRILLOQUISM MAKES THE DUMMY CLARK SPEAK! BUT THIS PIN WILL SETTLE THINGS...

OUCH! LANA, WHY ARE YOU JABBING ME?

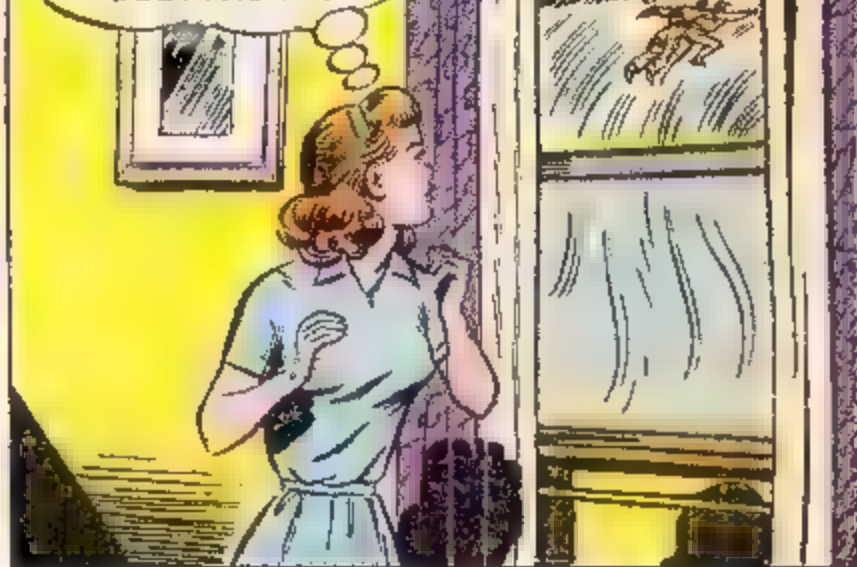
OH, MY GOODNESS! IT'S NO BALLOON... AND IT CAN'T BE **SUPERBOY** EITHER, BECAUSE THE PIN DIDN'T BEND!

IS
SUPERBOY
THE BALLOON?...
NO, THE PIN
BENT!

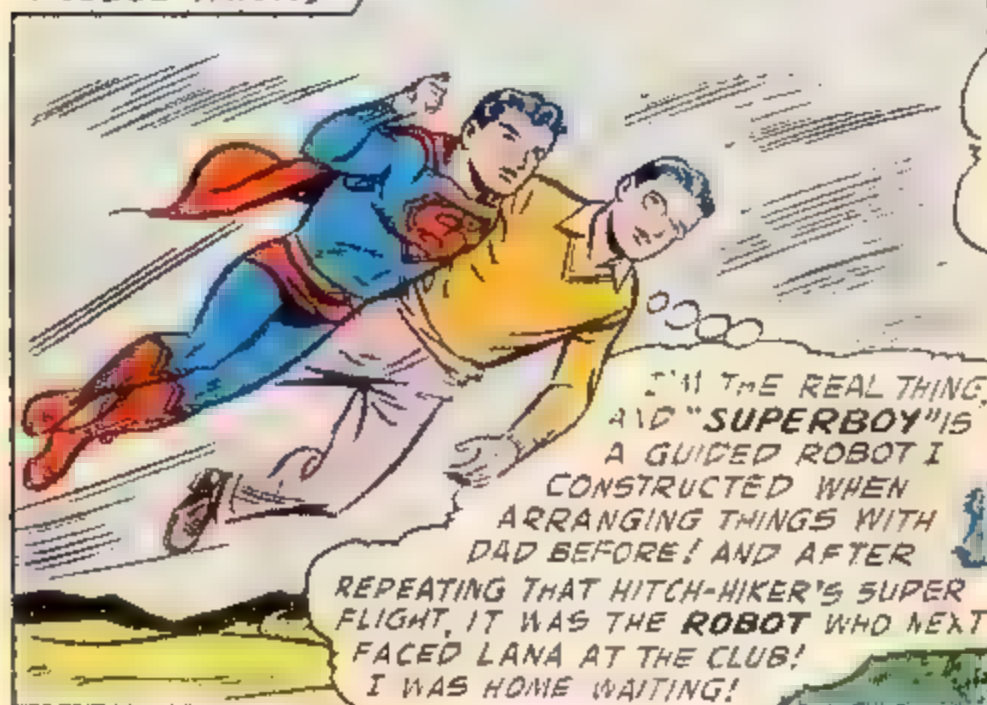
MEET YOU BACK AT THE
CLUB, LANA, AFTER I
MAKE THE REPEAT FLIGHT
TO DAD KENT'S STORE WITH
CLARK!



GULP! IF CLARK ISN'T
THE DUMMY... AND
SUPERBOY ISN'T
EITHER... THEN... THEN...
OH, I'M THE DUMMY,
FOR MY SILLY
SUSPICIONS!

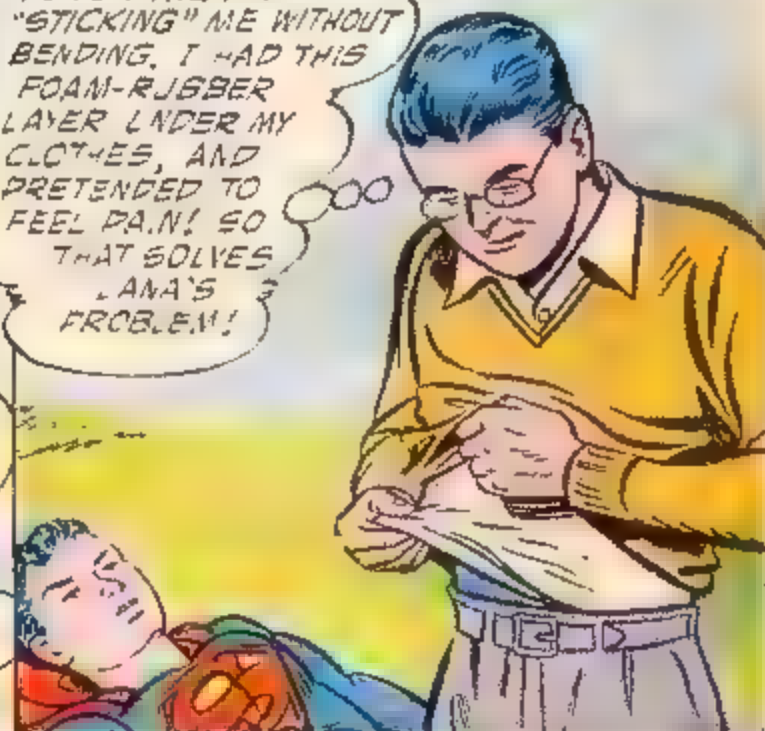


CAN YOU GUESS HOW **SUPERBOY** WORKED THE
DOUBLE TRICK?



I'M THE REAL THING,
AND "**SUPERBOY**" IS
A GUIDED ROBOT I
CONSTRUCTED WHEN
ARRANGING THINGS WITH
DAD BEFORE! AND AFTER
REPEATING THAT HITCH-HIKER'S SUPER
FLIGHT, IT WAS THE **ROBOT** WHO NEXT
FACED LANA AT THE CLUB!
I WAS HOME WAITING!

AS FOR THE PIN
"STICKING" ME WITHOUT
BENDING, I HAD THIS
FOAM-RUBBER
LAYER UNDER MY
CLOTHES, AND
PRETENDED TO
FEEL PAIN! SO
THAT SOLVES
LANA'S
PROBLEM!



LATER, OUTSIDE TOWN...

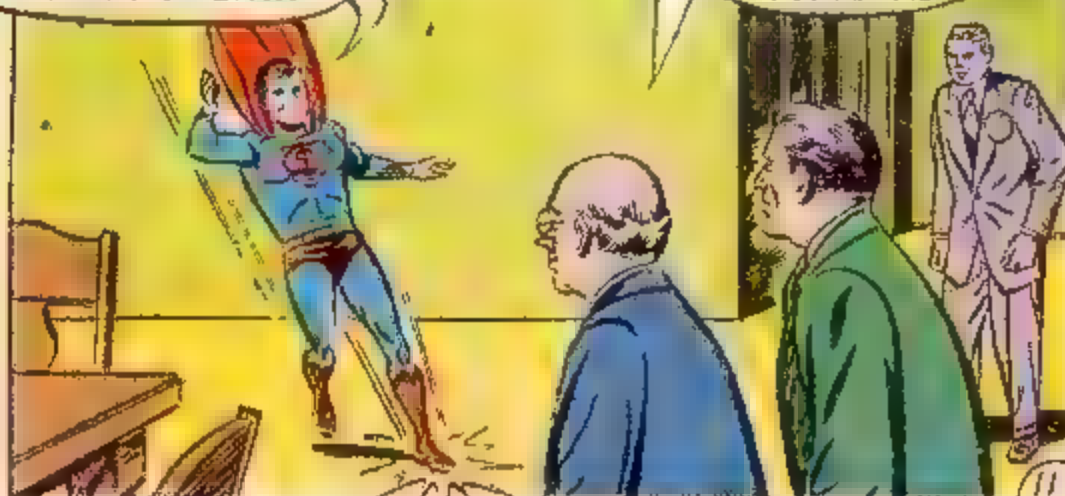
MY OTHER PROBLEM IS
SOLVED, TOO, AS MY
TEST JUST PROVED! I
NOW TO EXPLAIN TO
THE CLUB, AFTER I
CALL THEM OUTSIDE
THE CLUB HOUSE!



AS THE MEMBERS WAIT BREATHLESSLY FOR **SUPERBOY'S**
REVELATION...

YOU ALL WONDER WHY I REPEATED
THE SUPER-FLIGHTS! WELL, MAYBE
YOU CAN GUESS IF YOU NOTICE
WHAT I'M DOING FOR THE
FIRST TIME TODAY!
THINK BACK...

OF COURSE... YOU DIDN'T
SET FOOT ON THE
GROUND ALL DAY! THAT
MEANS TOUCHING THE
GROUND, BEFORE, WOULD
HAVE CREATED
DANGER!



"RIGHT! IT GOES BACK TO THAT METEOR I BROUGHT FROM SPACE, WHICH EXPLODED VIOLENTLY WHEN IT TOUCHED THE GROUND..."

GREAT SCOTT! EVIDENTLY, CONTACT WITH THE SOLID GROUND TOUCHED OFF ITS COSMIC ENERGY CHARGE!

BANG!

"BUT, TO MY DISMAY, THERE WAS ALSO A SECOND EXPLOSION..."

WHAT--? MY FEET, UPON TOUCHING THE GROUND, CAUSED ANOTHER BLAST! THAT... THAT MEANS THE METEOR'S CHARGE WAS TRANSFERRED TO ME!

BANG!

I REALIZED THAT UNTIL THE CHARGE DISSIPATED, I MUST NOT TOUCH THE GROUND AGAIN! BUT THIS BROUGHT UP A SERIOUS DILEMMA... IF CRIMINALS FOUND OUT I WAS "EXILED" IN THE AIR, THEY WOULD PULL UNDERGROUND JOBS, VIA TUNNELS!

"SO I FORMED A PLAN BEFORE I REACHED THE SUPER-FLYERS CLUB..."

IF I REPEAT THE SUPER-FLIGHTS, IT'LL KEEP ME IN THE AIR ALL DAY, WITHOUT AROUSING SUSPICION! IT WILL COVER UP THE FACT THAT I CAN'T TOUCH GROUND!

SUPER-FLYERS CLUB

SUPER-FLYERS CLUB

AND AS THE STORY REACHES THE UNDERWORLD, AWHILE LATER...

SO! ... WE HAD TO LAY LOW 'CAUSE SUPERBOY HAD A TRICK UP HIS SLEEVE, HUH?

YEAH... YOU SURE FIGURED THAT ONE SMART, BOSS!

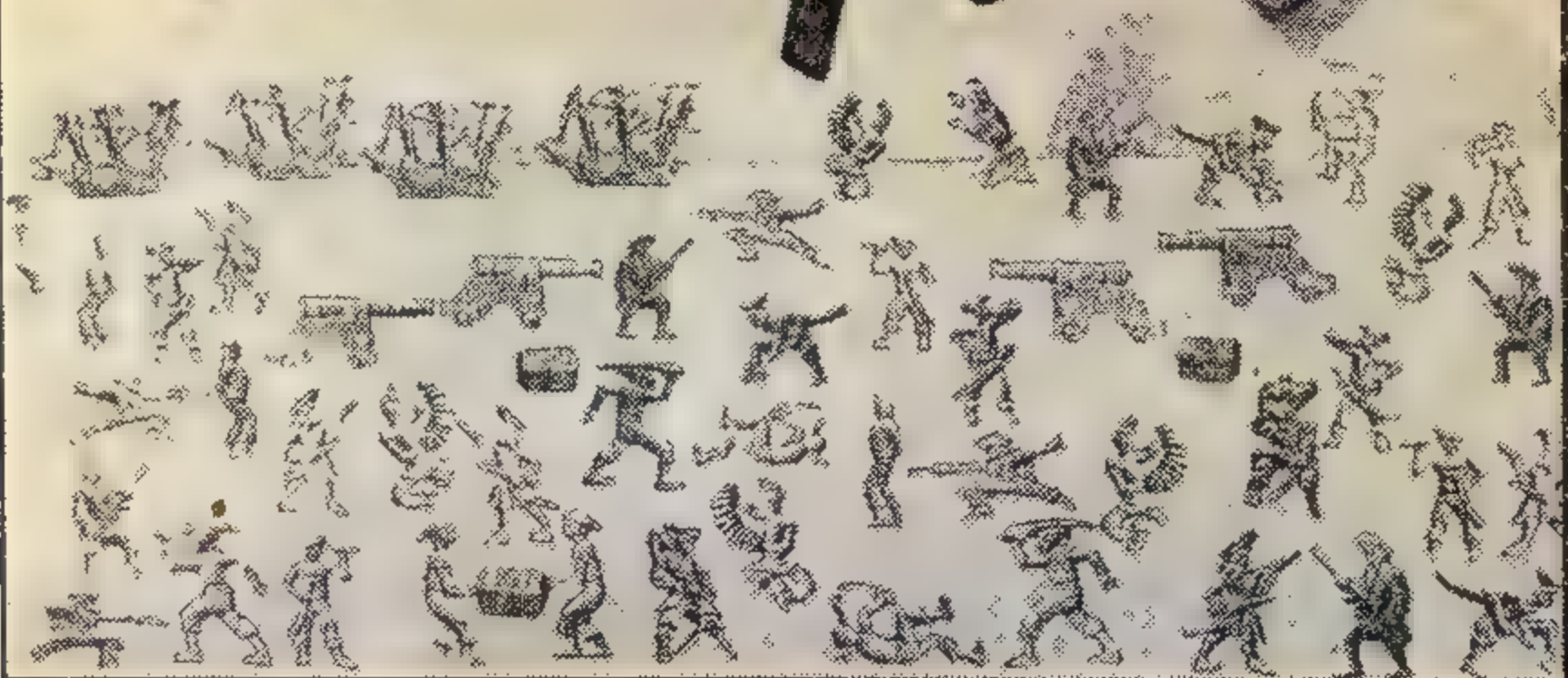
AH-H... SHUT UP, ALL OF YOU!

SMALL TOWN GAZETTE
SUPERBOY CONCEALS "DYNAMITE TOUCH" FROM CRIMEDOM

FINALLY, WITH CLARK KENT AGAIN ABLE TO ENJOY A WALK AROUND TOWN...

IT'S A PLEASURE BEING ABLE TO HELP PEOPLE ON THE GROUND AGAIN! I LIKE FLYING-- BUT NOT THAT MUCH!

100 Toy Pirates \$1.25



**YES! 100 MOLDED PLASTIC TOY PIRATES FOR ONLY \$1.25
COLORFUL! DURABLE! AUTHENTIC! NEW! LOTS OF FUN!**

**LOOK
WHAT
YOU GET**

WITH

**LONG JOHN SILVER
& CAPTAIN KIDD**

**PLUS A FLEET OF
4 PIRATE SHIPS**

8 SWORDSMEN

12 BUCCANEERS

4 TREASURE BEARERS

4 GOLDBRICKERS

8 PISTOL FIGHTERS

8 SEAMEN

4 PRISONERS

4 GALLEYMEN

8 MERMAIDS

8 TREASURE DIGGERS

8 CANNON

4 TREASURE CHESTS

8 ACCORDION PLAYERS

8 MUSKETEERS



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JOSELY CO., DEPT. P.N.C.

1472 BROADWAY

N.Y. 36, N.Y.

ENCLOSED IS \$_____ Please send me

_____ sets of 100 TOY PIRATES at \$1.25 per set

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

NO C.O.D.'s. Canada and foreign orders send \$1.50
postal money order

**ORDER SEVERAL SETS...
THEY MAKE WONDERFUL GIFTS!**

Buzzy's Special BROTHERHOOD WEEK Quiz

(FEB. 17-24)

Do You Know The People of Your Country?

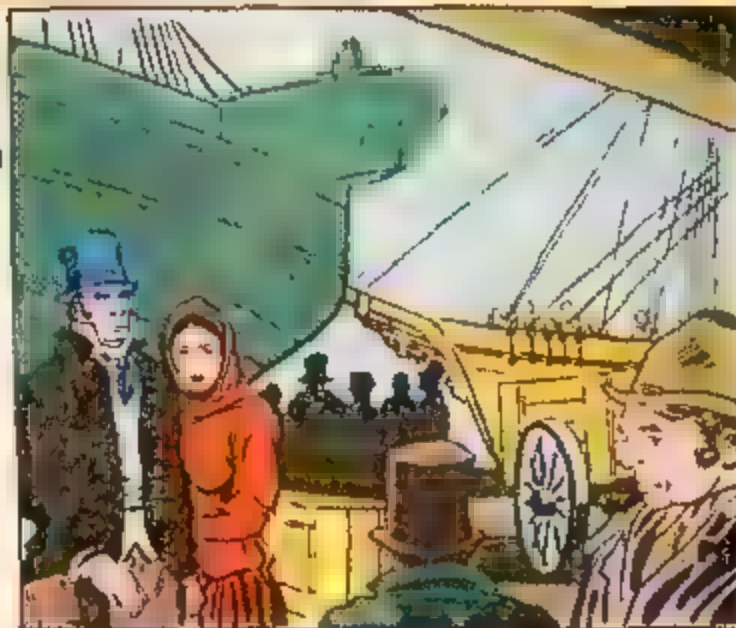
ANSWERS IN LAST PANEL

WHO CAME TO AMERICA FROM ENGLAND TO SEEK RELIGIOUS FREEDOM AND LANDED AT PLYMOUTH, MASS. IN 620?



WHO FLED FROM CROMWELL'S PERSECUTION IN 1649 TO SET UP FARMS IN VIRGINIA AND NEW ENGLAND?

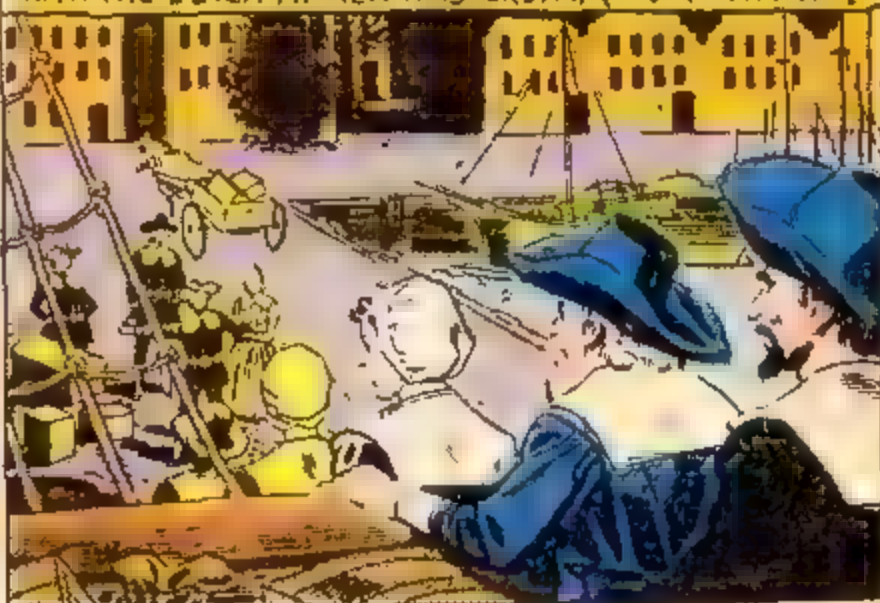
?



WHO CAME TO SAN FRANCISCO AFTER THE GOLD RUSH OF 1849 TO HELP BUILD RAILROADS ON THE PACIFIC COAST?

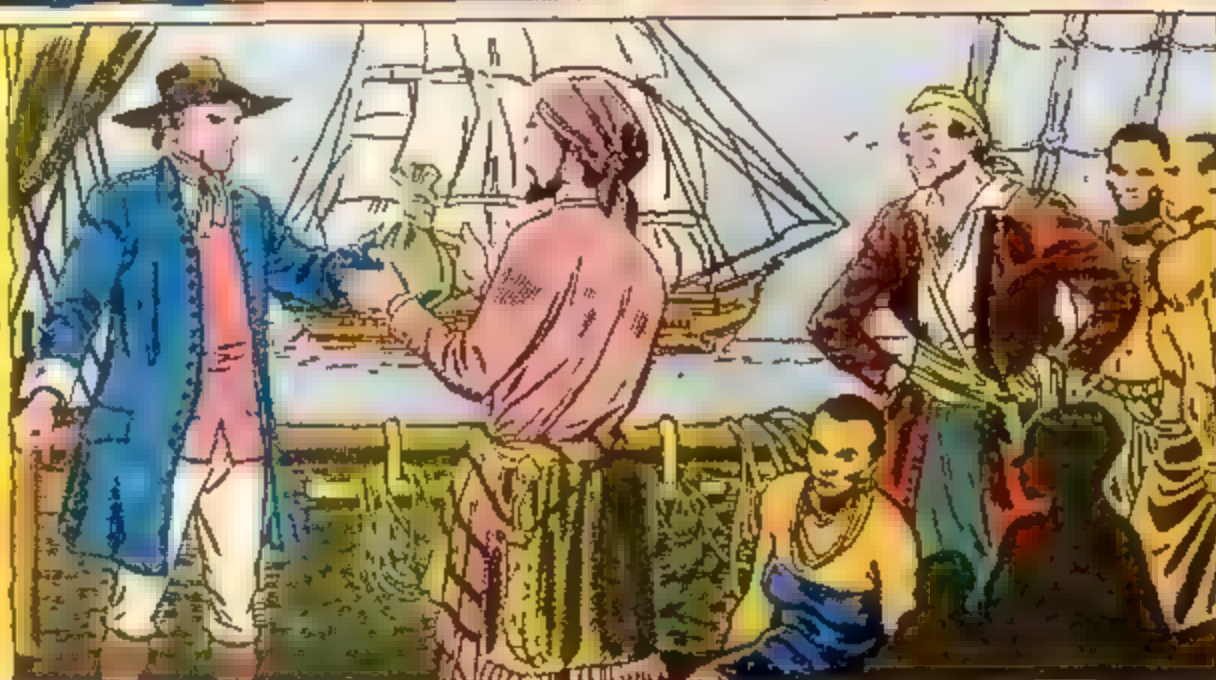


WHO CELEBRATED IN 1954 THE ARRIVAL OF THEIR FIRST AMERICAN ANCESTORS 300 YEARS EARLIER TO SEEK REFUGE WITH THE DUTCH AT NEW AMSTERDAM (TODAY NEW YORK)?



WHO WERE BROUGHT TO AMERICA, BEGINNING IN 1619, TO WORK ON THE PLANTATIONS IN THE SOUTH, AND TODAY ARE ONE OF THE LARGEST GROUPS IN OUR POPULATION?

?



The ANSWERS...

READ UPSIDE DOWN

1. THE PILGRIMS
2. THE IRISH
3. THE CHINESE
4. THE JEWS
5. THE NEGROES

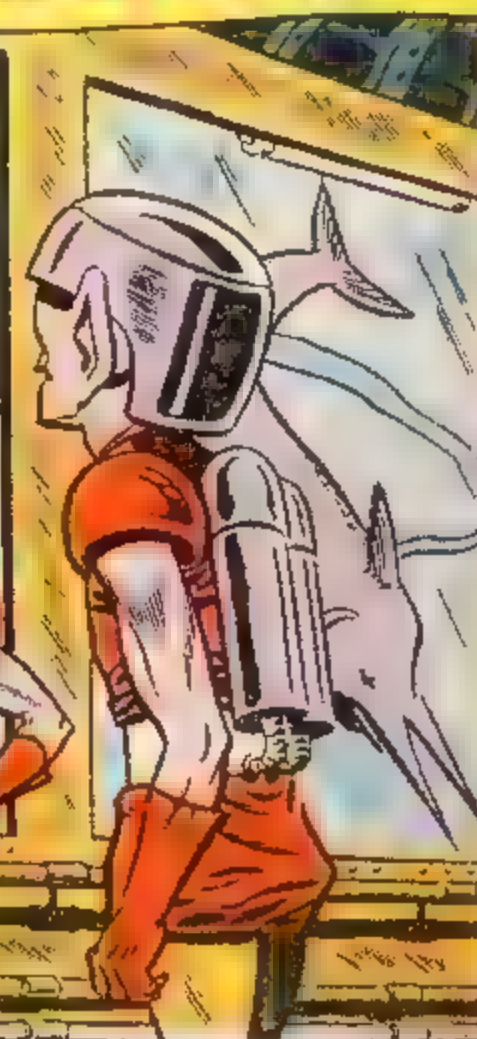
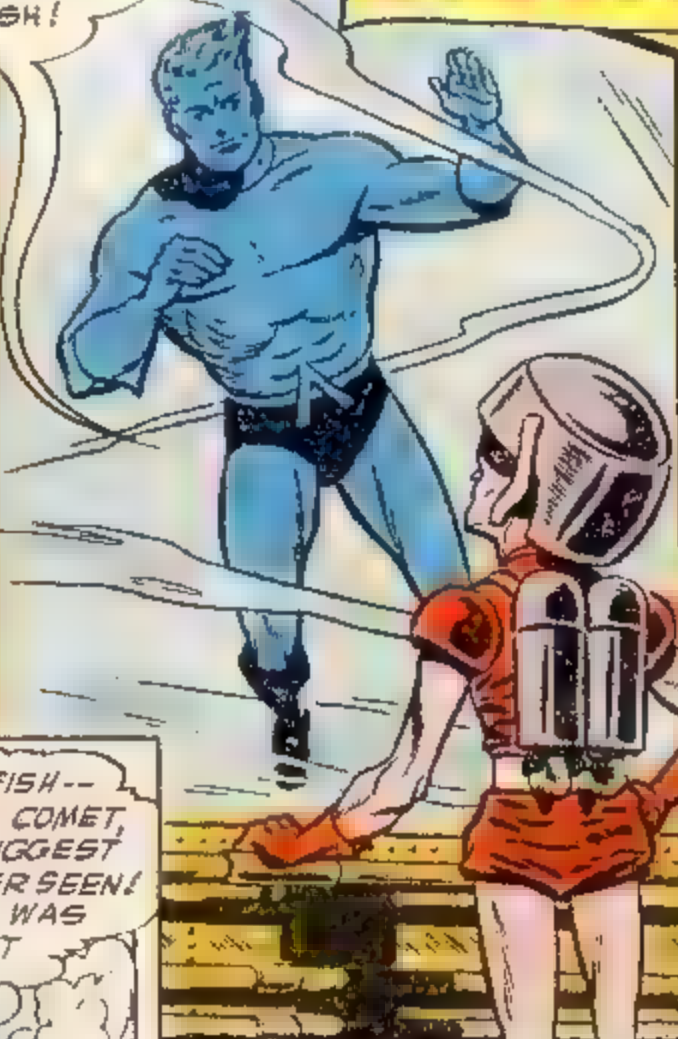
AQUAMAN

AQUAMAN, MIGHTY MONARCH OF THE SEVEN SEAS, HAS ALWAYS BEEN ABLE TO MASTER THE MANY PERILOUS SITUATIONS HE HAS FACED! BUT EVEN HIS AMAZING POWERS APPEAR TO FAIL HIM WHEN HE FINDS HIMSELF ON DISPLAY FOR THE AMUSEMENT OF MEN FROM OUTER SPACE, AND DOOMED TO END HIS DAYS IN...

THE SUPER-AQUARIUM

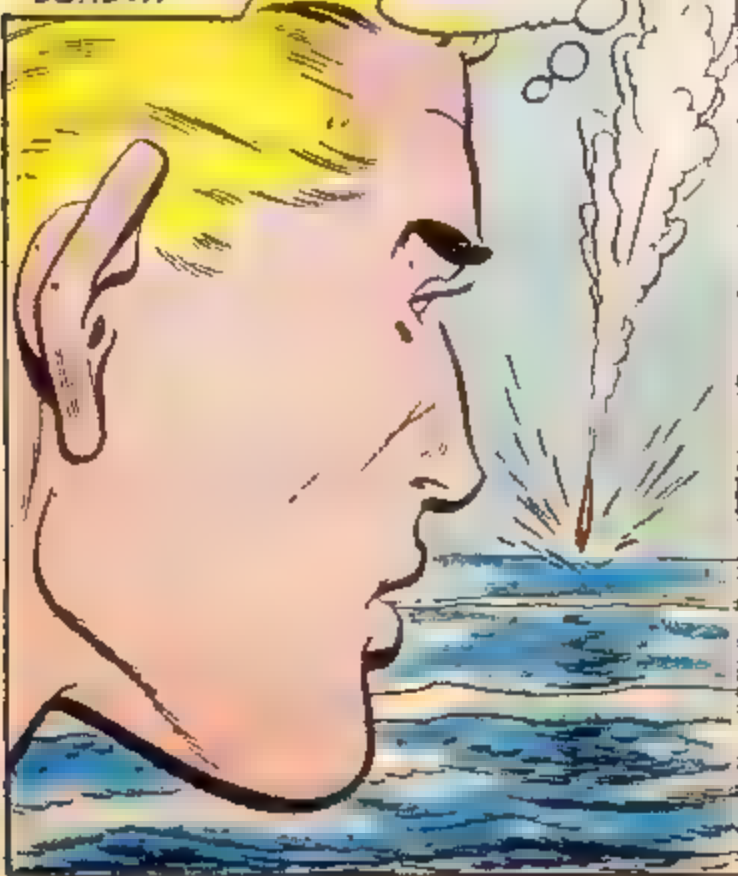


THIS ONE IS EVEN MORE AMAZING THAN THE OTHER FISH!



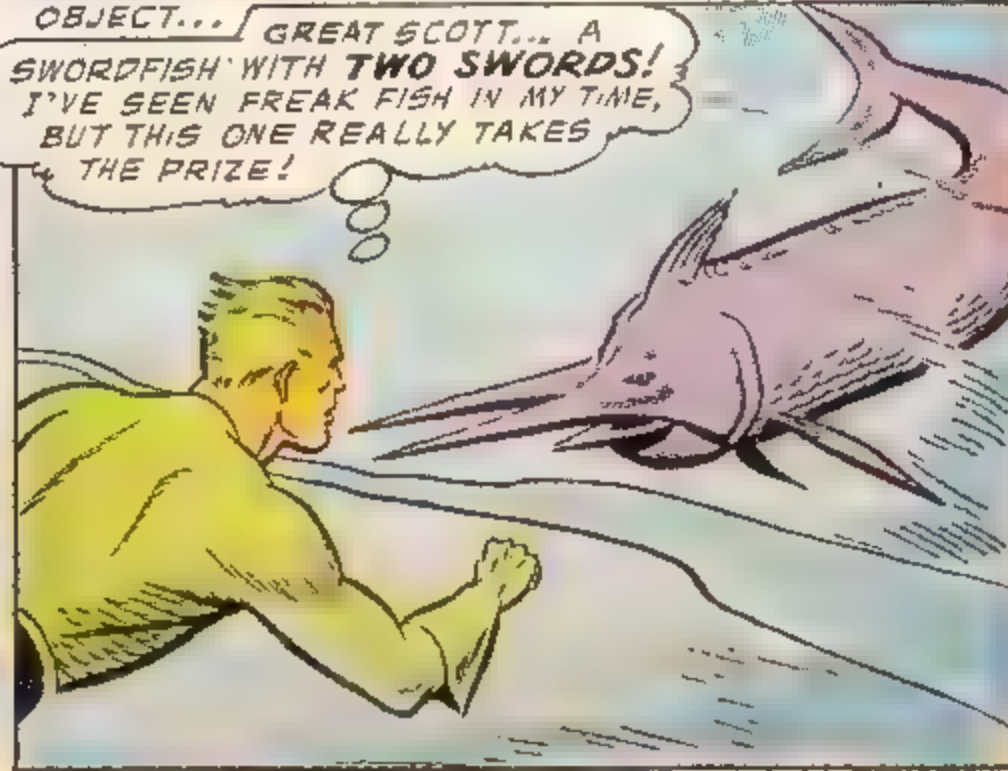
A STARTLING SIGHT GREETED THE FAMED AQUAMAN, ONE MORNING, AS HE PATROLS THE SEVEN SEAS...

GREAT SAILFISH-- IF THAT'S A COMET, IT'S THE BIGGEST ONE I'VE EVER SEEN! HOPE NO ONE WAS HURT WHEN IT LANDED!



AND AS THE SEA KING HEADS TOWARD THE FALLEN OBJECT...

GREAT SCOTT... A SWORDFISH WITH TWO SWORDS! I'VE SEEN FREAK FISH IN MY TIME, BUT THIS ONE REALLY TAKES THE PRIZE!





ADVENTURE COMICS

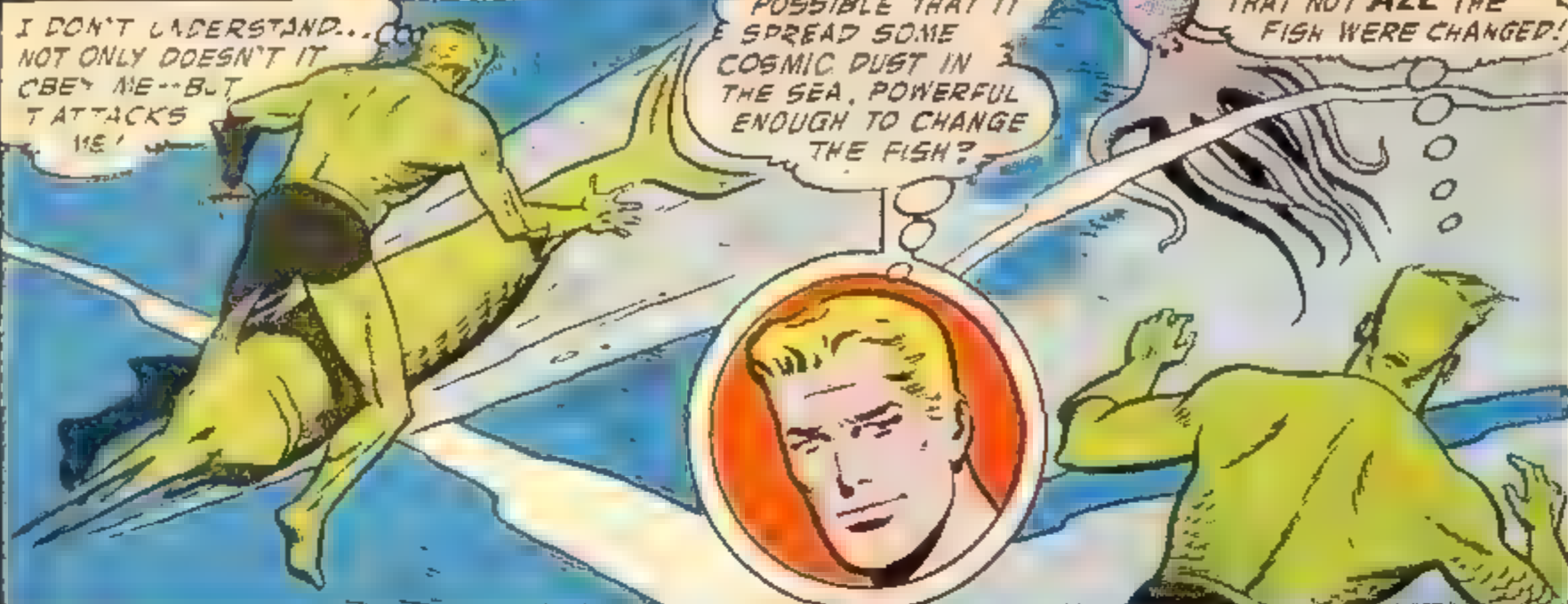


YET THIS IS ONLY THE BEGINNING OF AQUAMAN'S TROUBLES--FOR WHEN HE TRIES TO COMMUNICATE WITH THE STRANGE CREATURE...

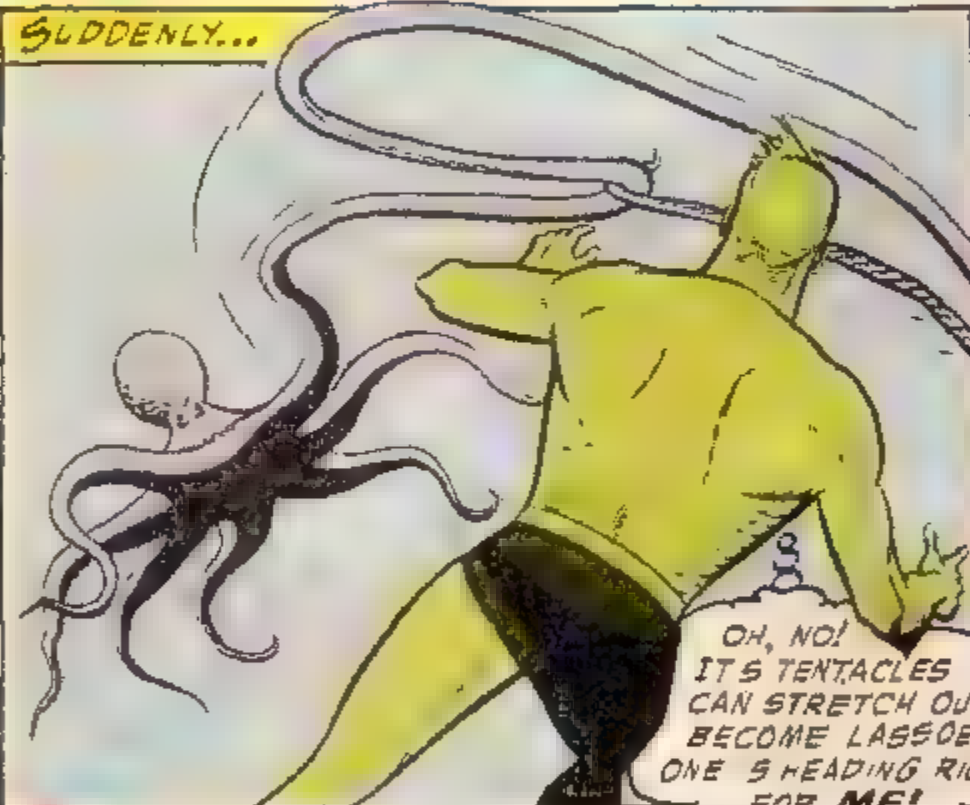
I DON'T UNDERSTAND... NOT ONLY DOESN'T IT OBEY ME--BUT IT ATTACKS ME!

WAIT--THAT COMET I SAW FALLING! IS IT POSSIBLE THAT IT SPREAD SOME COSMIC DUST IN THE SEA, POWERFUL ENOUGH TO CHANGE THE FISH?

WELL--THAT OCTOPUS LOOKS NORMAL ANYHOW! IT'S A RELIEF TO KNOW THAT NOT ALL THE FISH WERE CHANGED!



SUDDENLY...

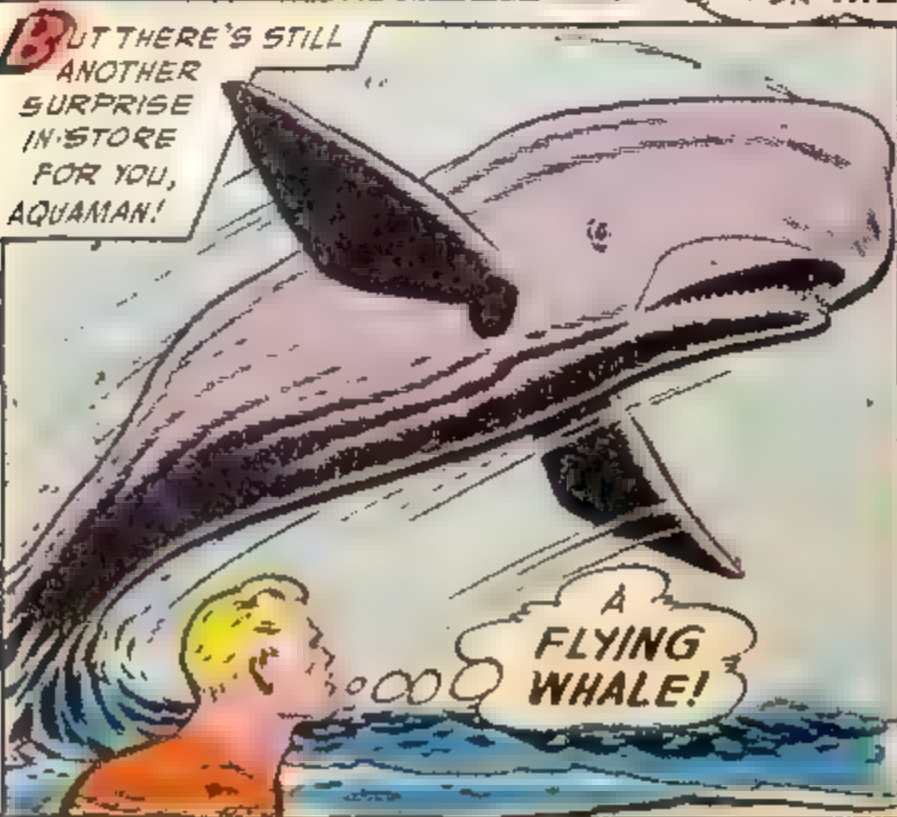


OH, NO! ITS TENTACLES CAN STRETCH OUT AND BECOME LASSES! AND ONE'S HEADING RIGHT FOR ME!

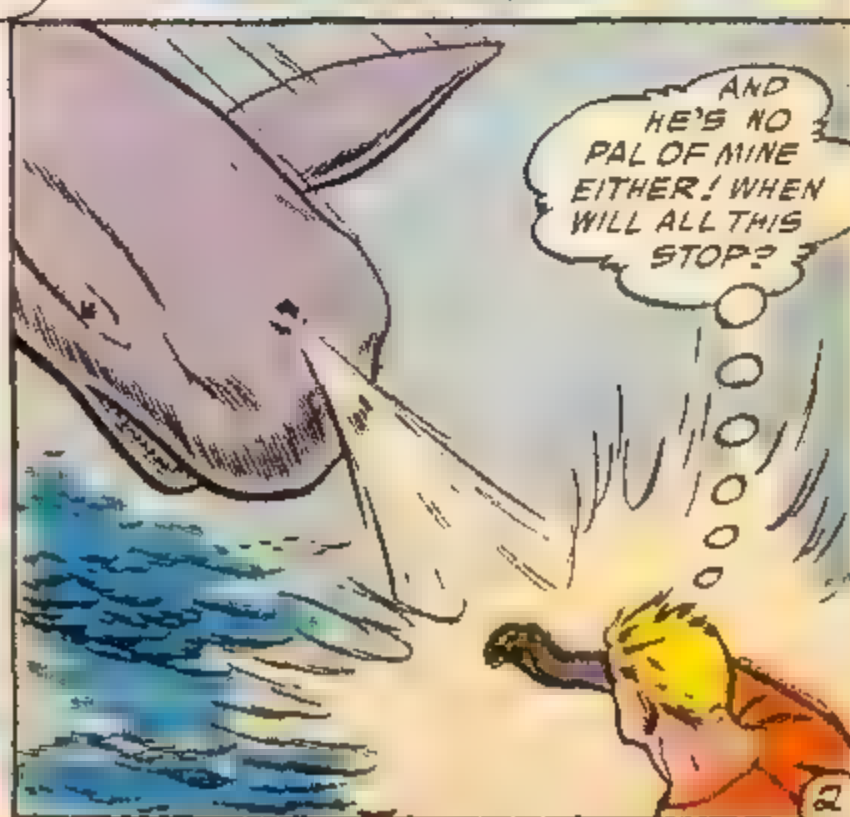


I MUST GET AWAY FROM THESE IMPOSSIBLE FISH, AND FIGURE OUT SOME WAY TO DEAL WITH THEM!

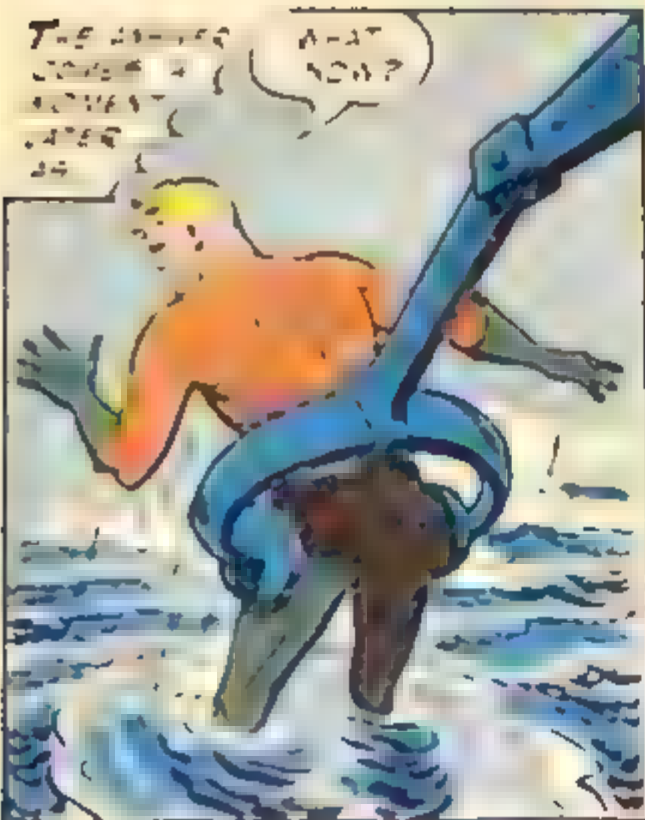
BUT THERE'S STILL ANOTHER SURPRISE IN STORE FOR YOU, AQUAMAN!



A FLYING WHALE!



AND HE'S NO PAL OF MINE EITHER! WHEN WILL ALL THIS STOP?



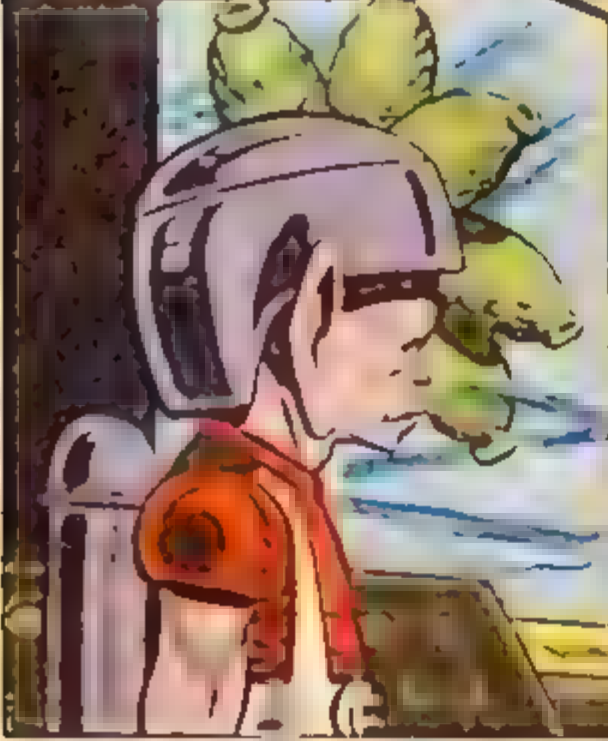
THE WATER
CLOSED AROUND
HIM
LATER
ON

WHAT
NOW?

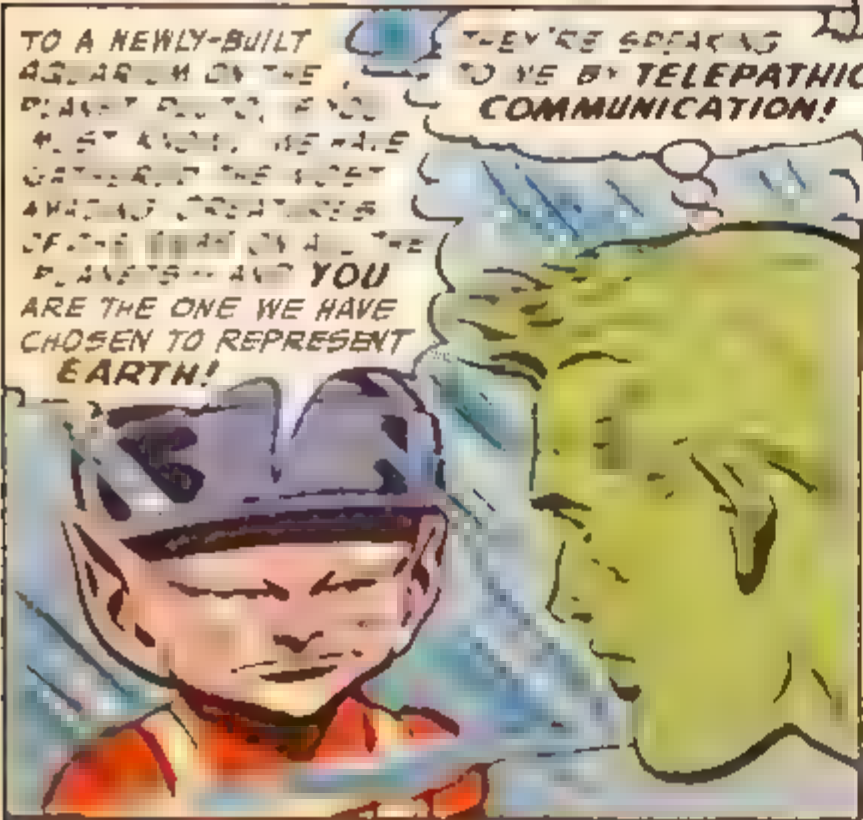
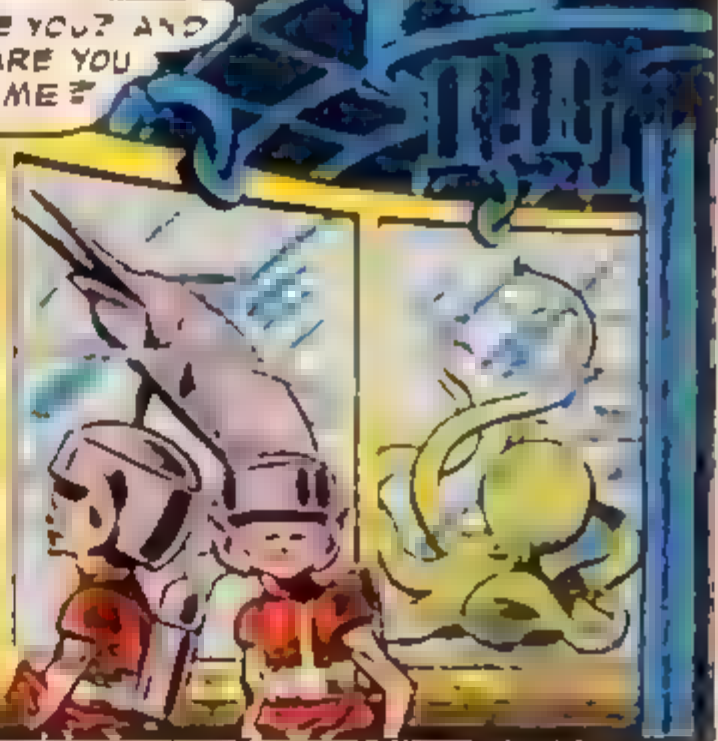


SO THAT'S
A SHIP FROM
OUTER SPACE! BUT
WHERE DO THOSE
OTHER STRANGE
CREATURES COME
FROM? AND WHY AM
I BEING CAPTURED
WITH THEM?

IT WAS LONG BEFORE AQUAMAN GETS HIS FIRST LOOK AT HIS CAPTORS...



WHO ARE YOU? AND
WHERE ARE YOU
TAKING ME?

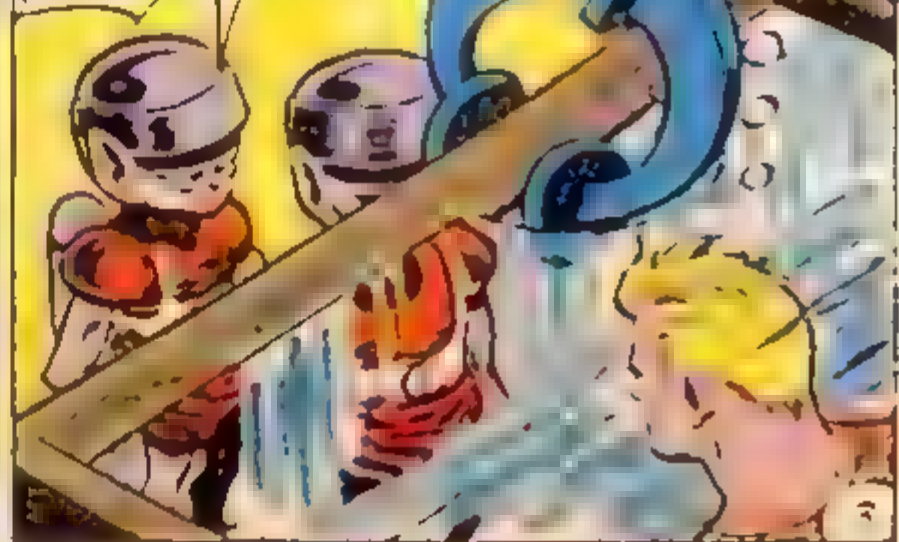


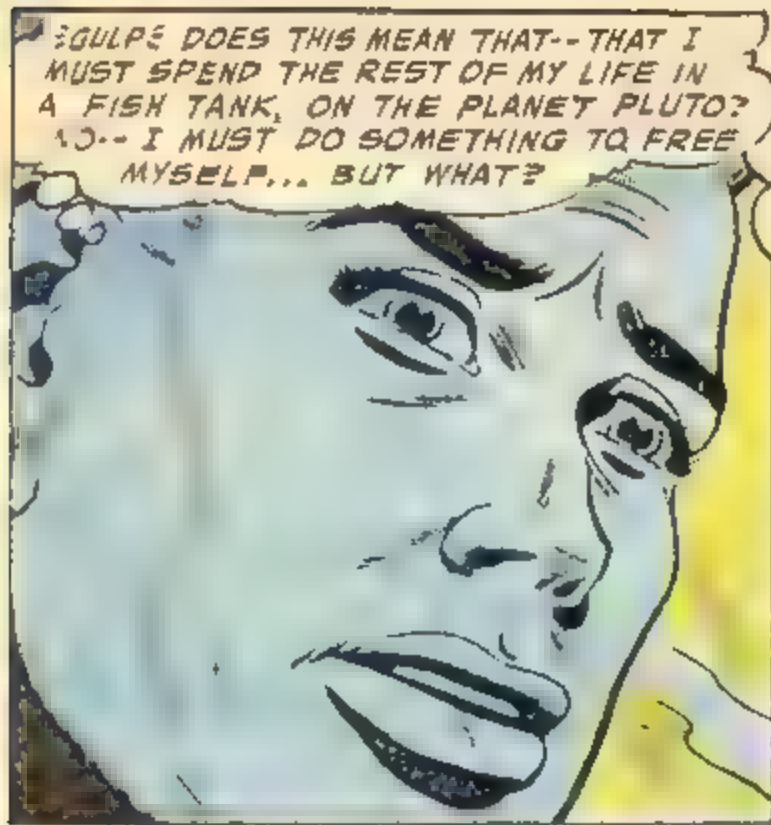
TO A NEWLY-BUILT
AQUARIUM ON THE
PLANET EARTH. YOU
MUST KNOW, WE HAVE
GATHERED THE MOST
ADVANCED CREATURES
OF THE SEA ON ALL THE
PLANETS--AND YOU
ARE THE ONE WE HAVE
CHOSEN TO REPRESENT
EARTH!

THEY'RE SPEAKING
TO ME BY TELEPATHIC
COMMUNICATION!

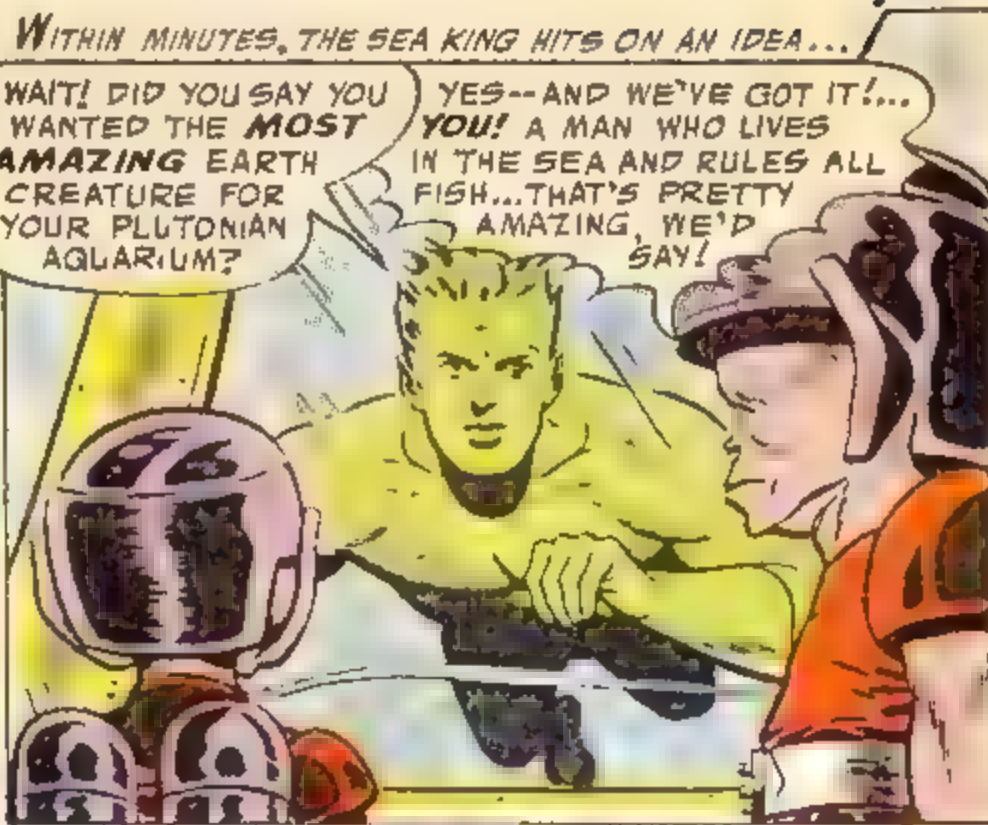
THAT'S RIGHT! YOU SEE, OUR
SHIP CRASH-LANDED ON
EARTH, TEMPORARILY
FREEING SOME OF OUR
OTHER FISH! BUT THEY'RE
ALL BACK NOW--
INCLUDING
YOU!

AND I THOUGHT
I WAS A LOVER!

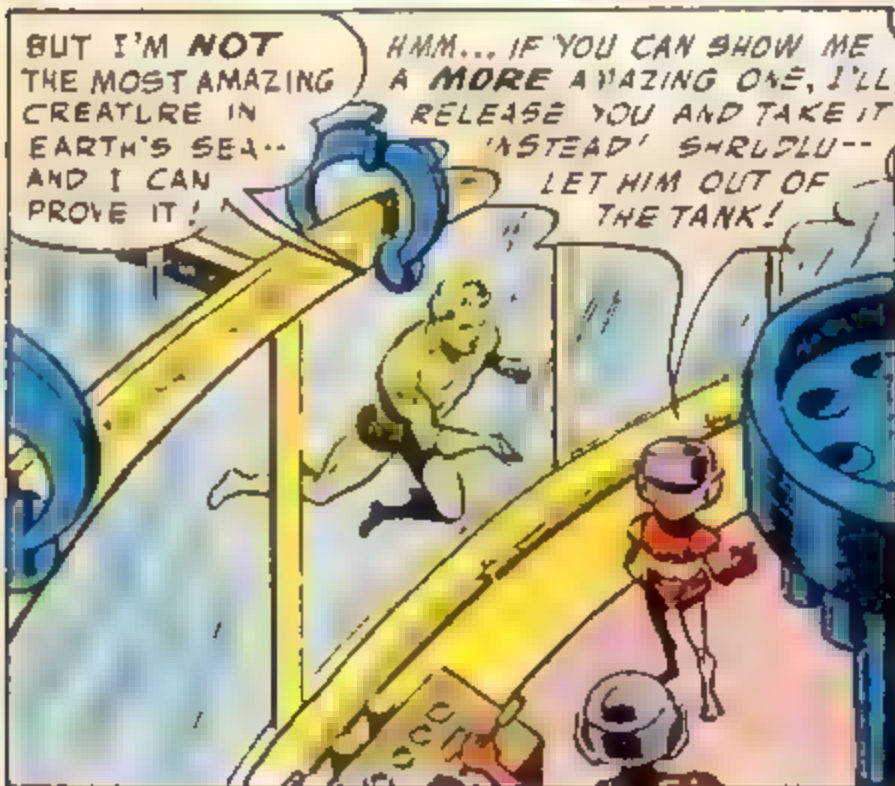




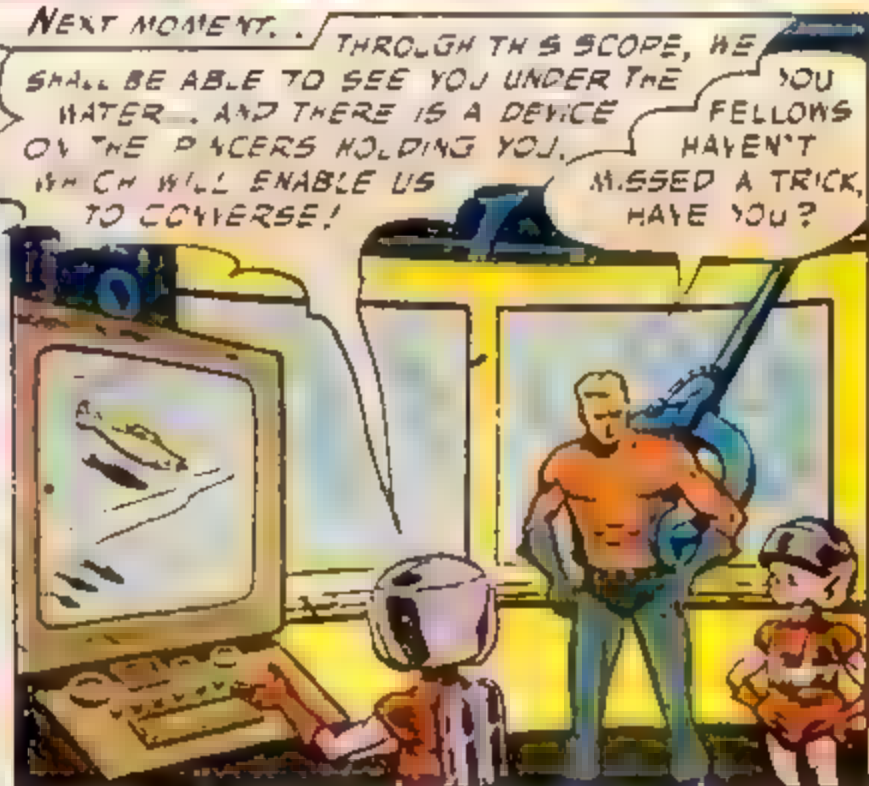
GULP! DOES THIS MEAN THAT-- THAT I MUST SPEND THE REST OF MY LIFE IN A FISH TANK, ON THE PLANET PLUTO? NO-- I MUST DO SOMETHING TO FREE MYSELF... BUT WHAT?



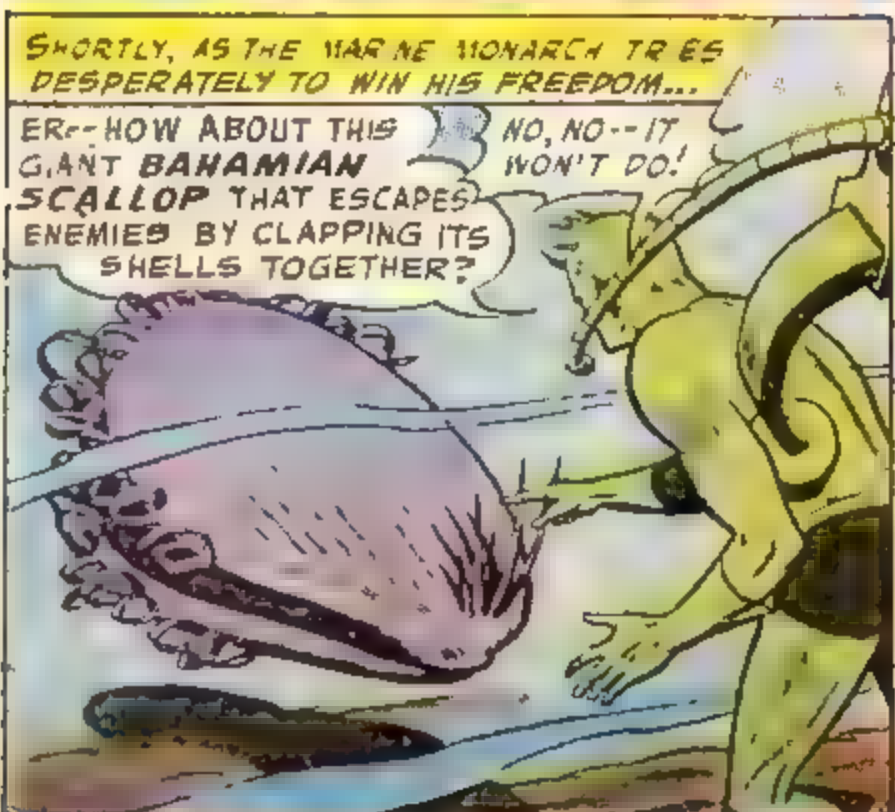
WITHIN MINUTES, THE SEA KING HITS ON AN IDEA...
 WAIT! DID YOU SAY YOU WANTED THE **MOST AMAZING** EARTH CREATURE FOR YOUR PLUTONIAN AQUARIUM?
 YES-- AND WE'VE GOT IT!... **YOU!** A MAN WHO LIVES IN THE SEA AND RULES ALL FISH... THAT'S PRETTY AMAZING, WE'D SAY!



BUT I'M **NOT** THE MOST AMAZING CREATURE IN EARTH'S SEA-- AND I CAN PROVE IT!
 HMM... IF YOU CAN SHOW ME A **MORE** AMAZING ONE, I'LL RELEASE YOU AND TAKE IT INSTEAD! SHRDLU-- LET HIM OUT OF THE TANK!

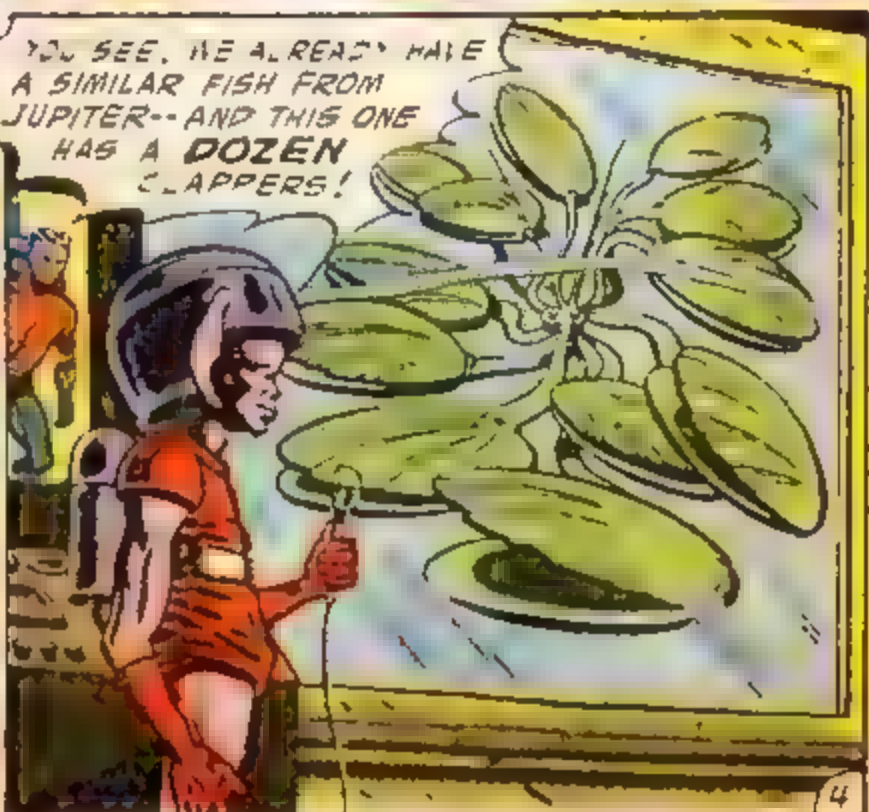


NEXT MOMENT... THROUGH THIS SCOPE, WE SHALL BE ABLE TO SEE YOU UNDER THE WATER... AND THERE IS A DEVICE ON THE PANCERS HOLDING YOU, WHICH WILL ENABLE US TO CONVERSE!
 YOU FELLOWS HAVEN'T MISSED A TRICK, HAVE YOU?

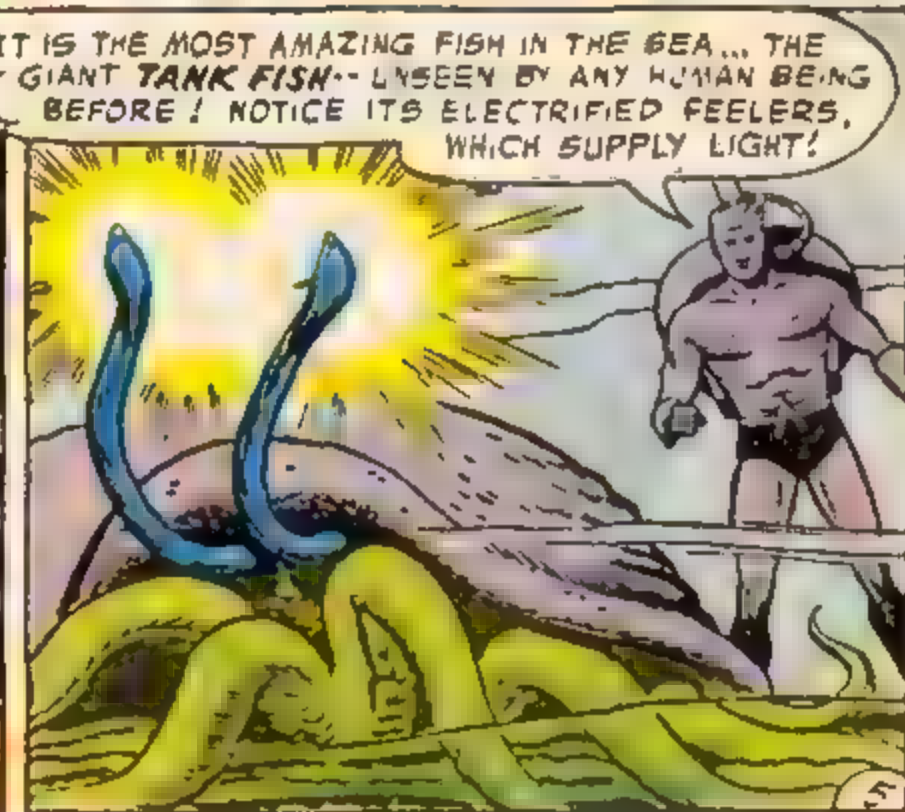
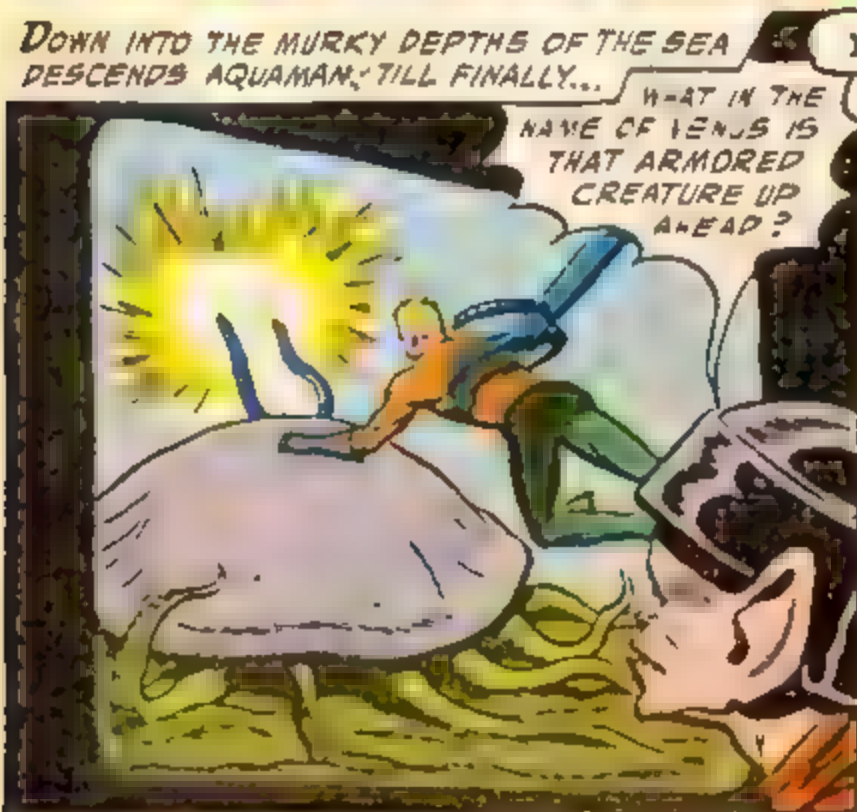
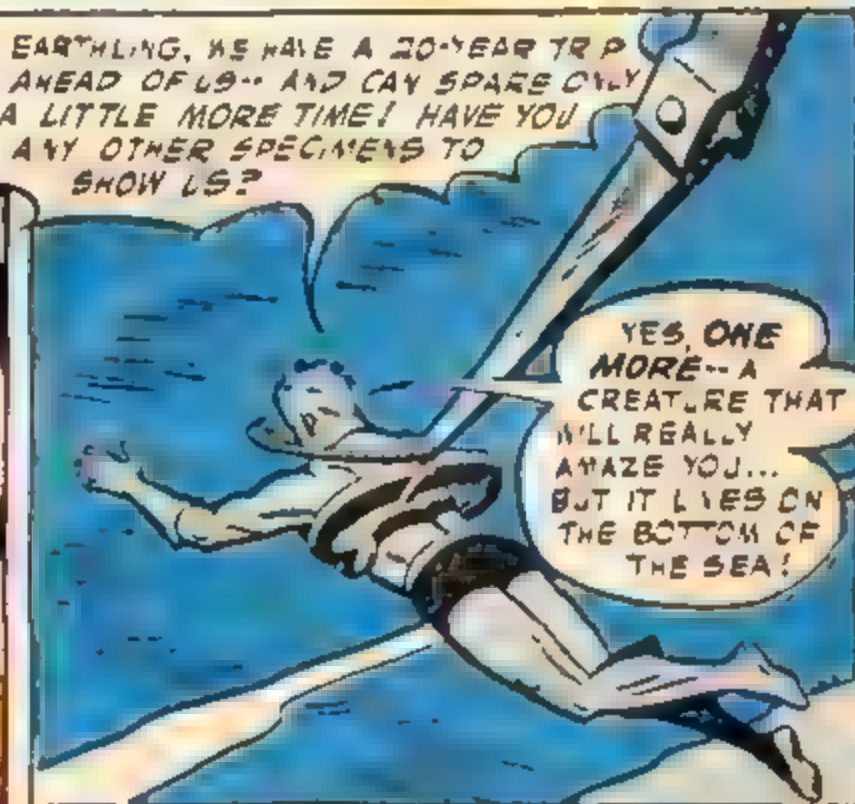
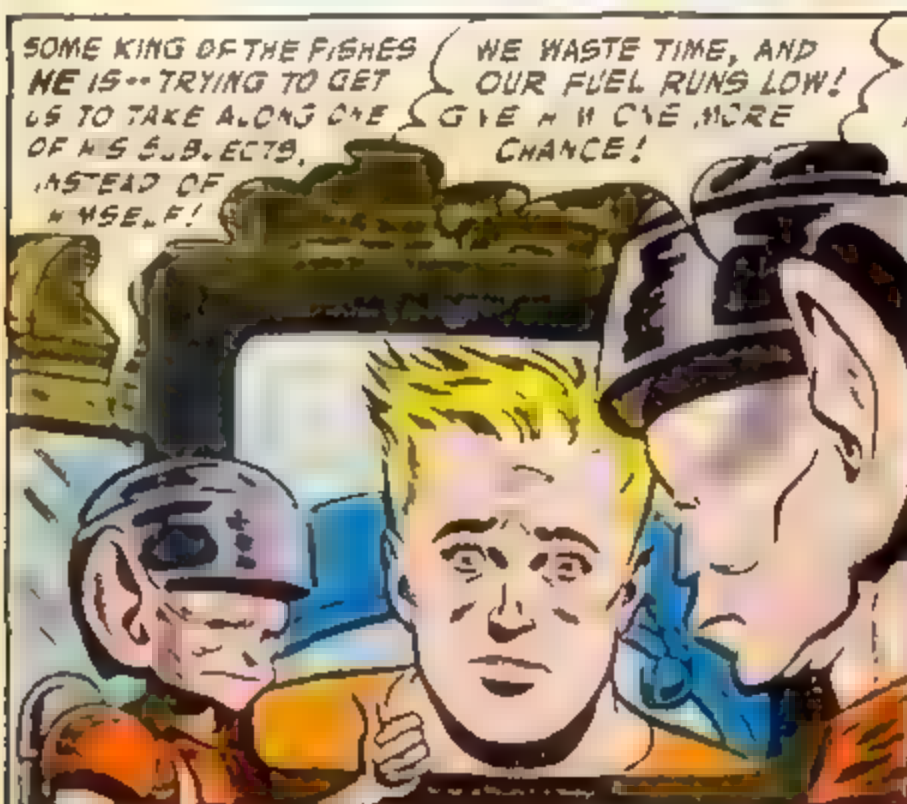
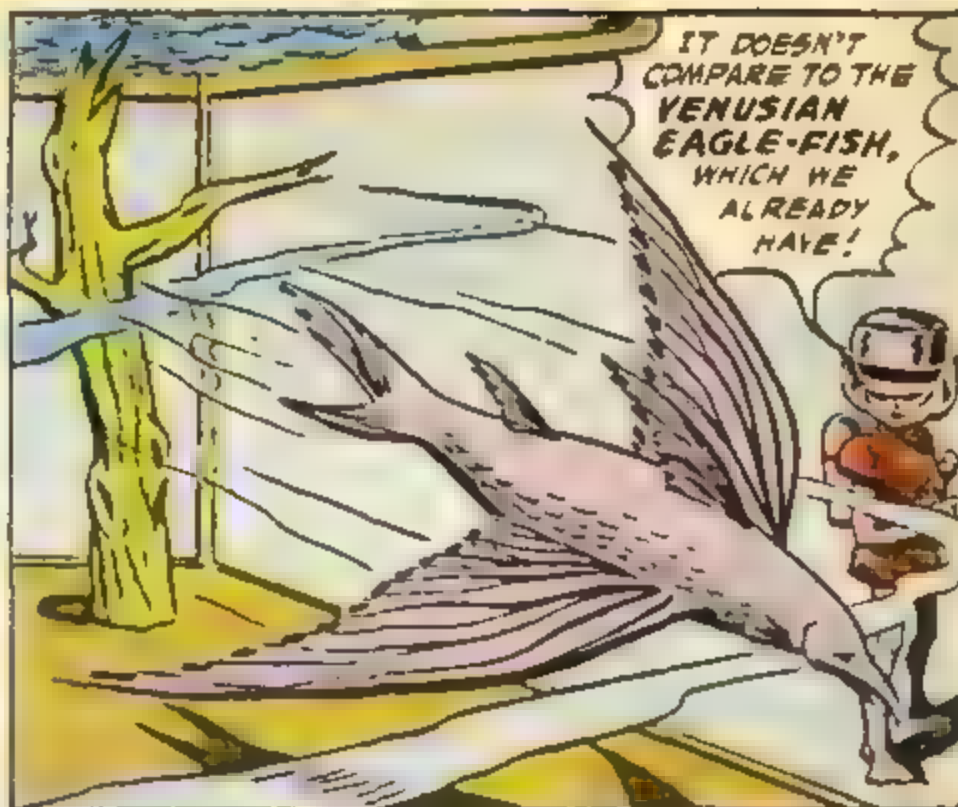
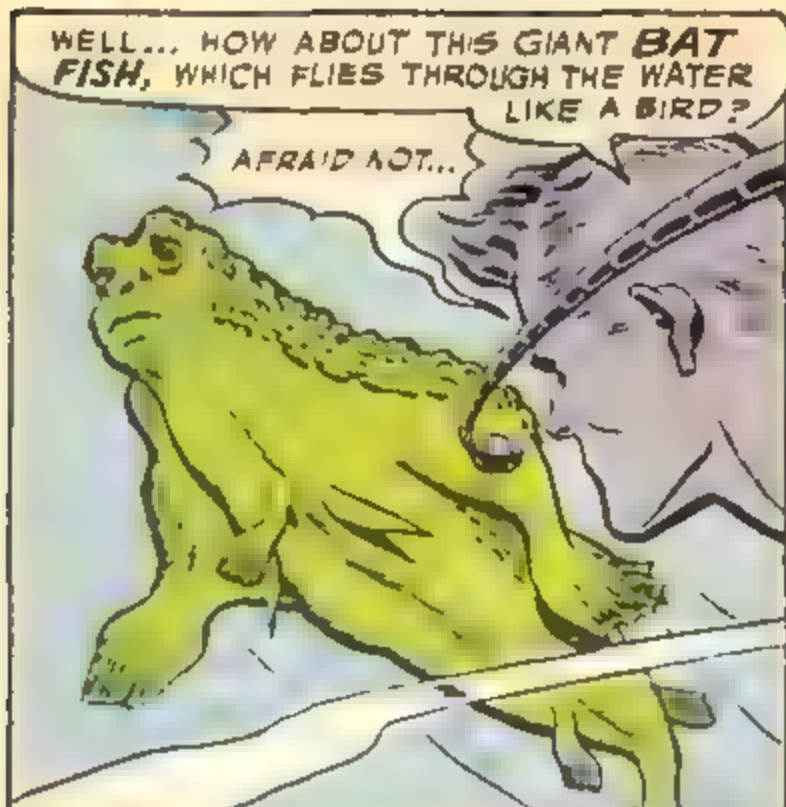


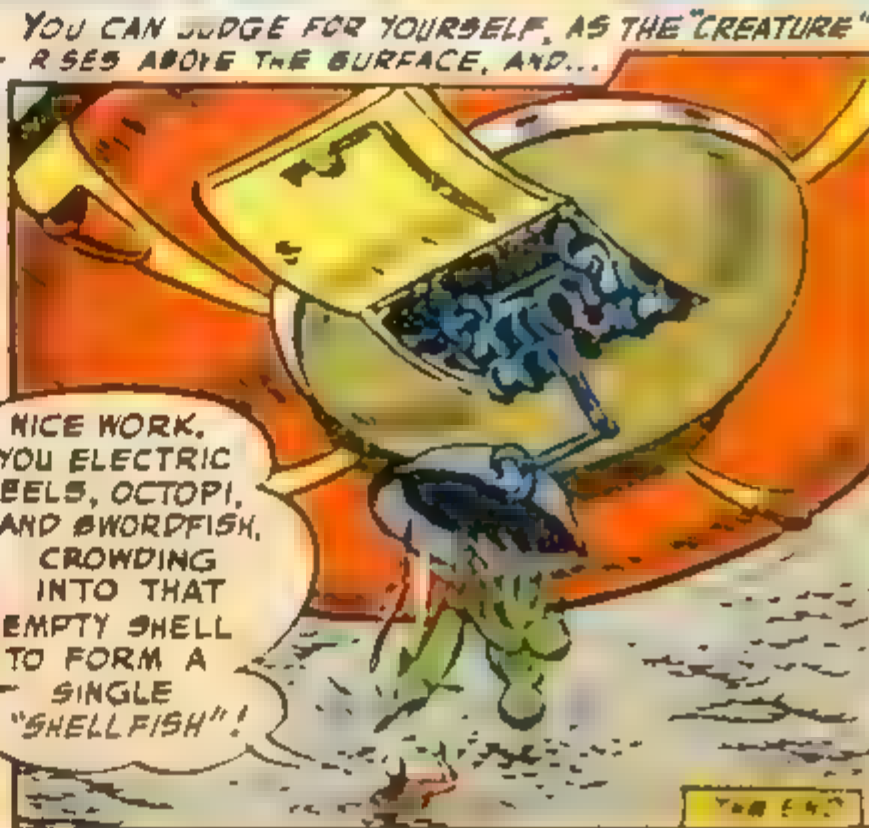
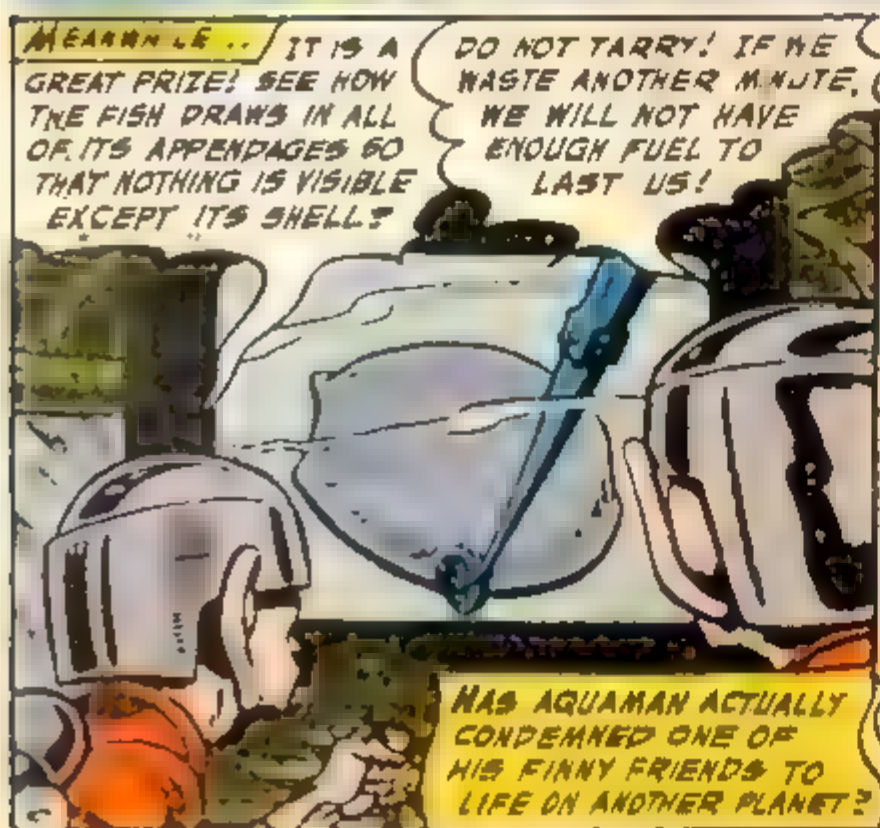
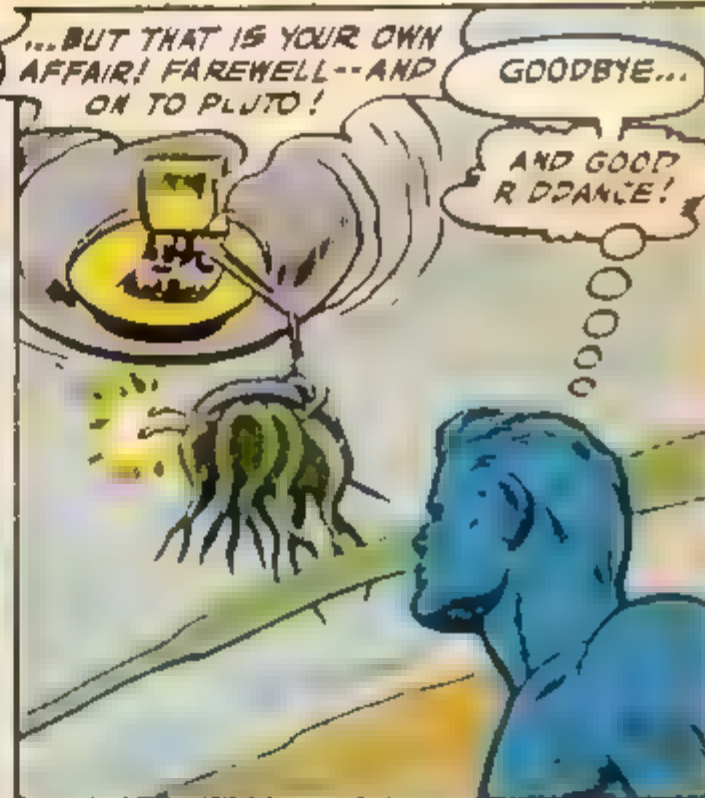
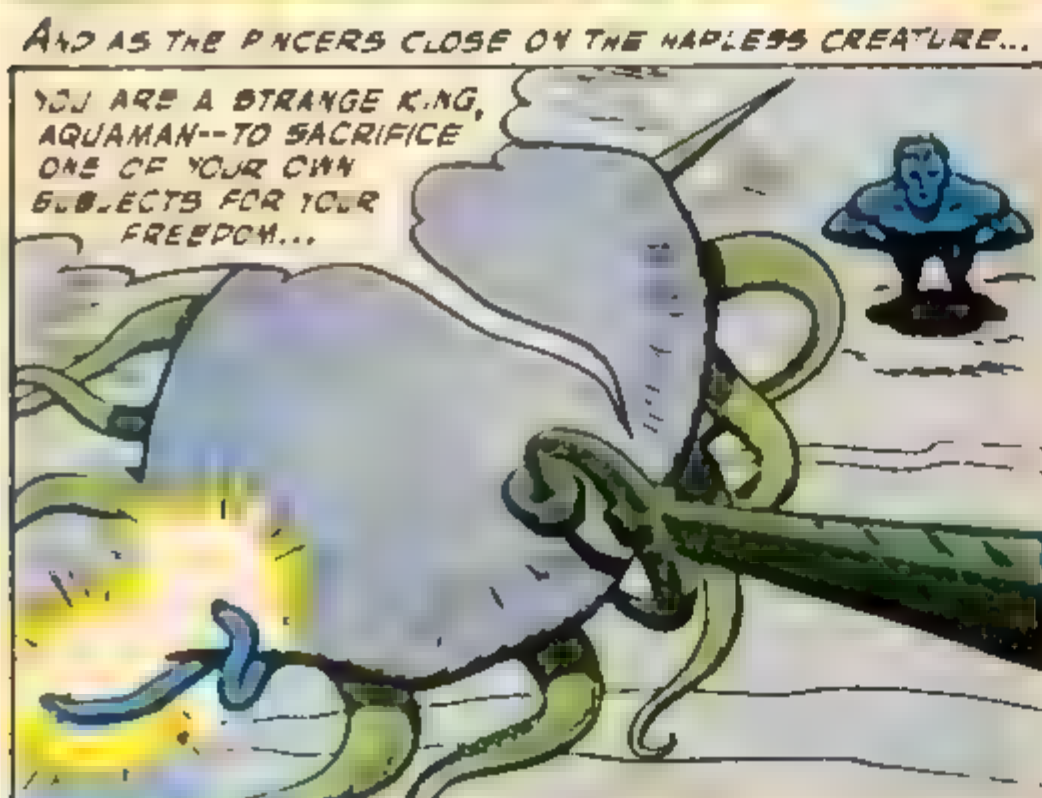
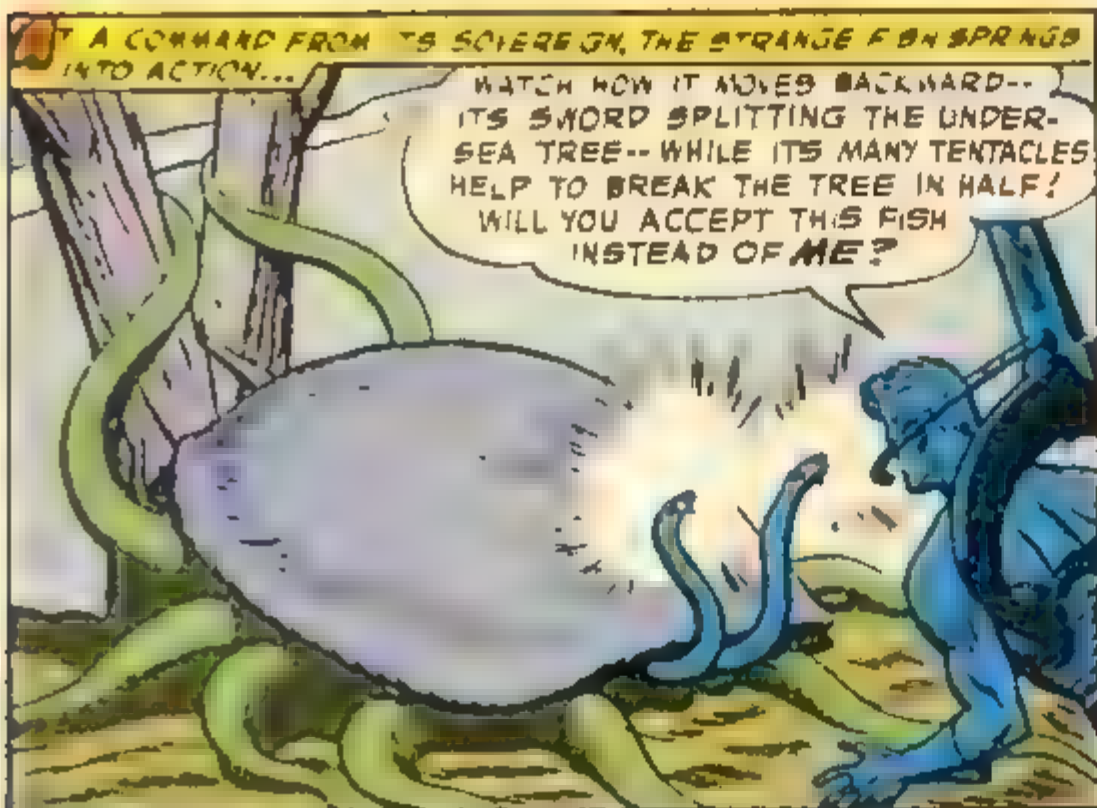
SHORTLY, AS THE MARINE MONARCH TRIES DESPERATELY TO WIN HIS FREEDOM...
 ER-- HOW ABOUT THIS GIANT **BAHAMIAN SCALLOP** THAT ESCAPES ENEMIES BY CLAPPING ITS SHELLS TOGETHER?

NO, NO-- IT WON'T DO!



YOU SEE, WE ALREADY HAVE A SIMILAR FISH FROM JUPITER-- AND THIS ONE HAS A **DOZEN** CLAPPERS!





GIVEN!**BOYS! GIRLS! LADIES! MEN!****CASH or PREMIUMS****EXTRA! EXTRA!**

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WE GIVE YOU**JIM and BETTY
SOLVE THE
"FLYING SAUCER"
MYSTERY!****LOOK
BETTY!****I'LL BET IT'S
A FLYING
SAUCER!****LET'S GET OUR
TELESCOPE AND
BINOCULARS
AND SEE!****HEY! THAT LOOKS
LIKE AN EARTH
SATELLITE!****I CAN
SEE IT
CLEARLY.****FLASH! SCIENTISTS HAVE
JUST LAUNCHED THE FIRST
EARTH SATELLITE. ANYONE
SPOTTING IT PLEASE
CALL US AT ONCE!****GOOD WORK, BETTY AND
JIM! YOU ARE THE
FIRST TO SPOT OUR
NEW OBSERVATION
SATELLITE!****GOSH! HERE
ARE BETTY AND
JIM'S PICTURES
IN TODAY'S
PAPER!!****HOW DID YOU KIDS
EVER GET A RADIO,
A TELESCOPE AND
BINOCULARS?****IT WAS EASY, KIDS - WE EARNED
THEM, AND LOTS MORE SWELL
PREMIUMS, SELLING WHITE
CLOVERINE BRAND
SALVE TO OUR FRIENDS
AND NEIGHBORS!****EXTRA FREE GIFT FOR
MAILING COUPON NOW**

You'll receive FREE "PUZZLES" — a thrilling collection of 15 puzzles — 18 riddles. All real stumpers but easy when you know how — and we give you all the answers. Work 'em on your friends — they'll think you're a real smarty! Great fun for everybody! Mail coupon. We'll send free catalog too! Dozens of wonderful premiums (sent postage paid) SIMPLY GIVE pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE easily sold to friends, neighbors, relatives at 35¢ a box (with picture) Rush coupon

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RELIABLE!**When Chemical Co. Dept. 115 1 Tyrone Pa. Date _____
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Send me a free catalog and a box of puzzles with a 30 day trial period. No money down. No obligation as explained under Premium wanted in catalog sent with order, postage paid to start. Be sure to send my FREE "PUZZLES"

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MAIL COUPON • WE ARE RELIABLE • OVER 62 YEARS**WILSON CHEMICAL COMPANY Dept. 115 1 Tyrone, Pa.**

LIONEL

and his Lions

I GIVE YOU LIONEL,
THE BRAVEST, MOST
FEARLESS, MAN IN THE
WORLD!

ABBY
90-THREE

GR ROARR!

UP-UP-
ON THE
PLATFORM!

GRRR!

NOW,
JUMP!

ISN'T HE WONDERFUL!
A REAL MAN!

WHAT
COURAGE!

CLAP

And
LATER

WHEN YOU FINISH THE
DISHES, I HAVE SOME
CLEANING FOR YOU
TO DO!

ER YES
DEAR.

END

A BAGFUL OF TROUBLE

**He Led a Thrill-Packed Life as Government Courier, but
Then a Spy Menaced Jesse Thomas' Latest Mission**

TO Courier Jesse Thomas, it was like any other mission. He thrust one canvas pouch behind his head, then crossed his hands on another, which rested in his lap, making sure that the locks on both did not interfere with his comfort. As the plane, bearing high-ranking Army officers, sliced through the leaden sky, headed for Prestwick, Scotland, Courier Thomas of the State Department's Diplomatic & Courier Service, lay back and closed his eyes.

Recollections of earlier missions dreamily crossed his mind, successful deliveries of pouches bulging with State Department secrets to U.S. ambassadors. But some had been threatened with disaster. The Brazil stint, for instance, when the plane had caught fire, and he had suffered serious burns. But he hadn't surrendered the precious pouch to the doctors. No, he had insisted on staying conscious, despite the pain, until the embassy's security man arrived.

Then there was that German U-boat experience when his ship had been torpedoed. For days, he and some other survivors managed to stay alive on a raft until rescued by a French craft. And then there had been that dread night when enemy agents had derailed his train outside London. He'd been trapped in a coach with other passengers. According to regulations, when death seems imminent, a courier must destroy his pouch. Jesse Thomas broke its seal and was about to ignite the highly valued contents when rescuers broke through.

Yes, he thought with grim satisfaction, he had traveled by air, by ship, rail and even ox-cart, but he had always come through. The plane dozed on. Courier Jesse Thomas dozed. A thick, cold fog blanketed Prestwick as the plane touched down. Gulping a cup of hot coffee, he

boarded a bus, accompanied by several of his fellow plane passengers, and headed for the depot where the night train to London waited.

A gently smiling stranger was to share his compartment, he learned, as he stepped inside. Courier Thomas was polite but curt. "Travelers may wish to discuss with a courier his itinerary and duties," he recalled from his *Courier's Handbook*. "Such conversations shall be terminated as promptly as possible, and answers to casual questions shall be entirely noncommittal."

The stranger eyed him for a long time in silence, then, with a disarming smile, said, "We have a long journey ahead of us. No doubt, you're flying the Channel. So am I. You have to deliver your pouch to someone in Paris, and I have one marked for Spain." The stranger raised his hand so that Jesse Thomas could see the pouch manacled to his wrist.

"I didn't think you were a courier," said Jesse, surprised.

"Have a cigar," the stranger said, extending one. "Go ahead. I have plenty. I'm bringing over a couple of boxes for some friends."

The train-rumbled through the English countryside, blacked-out against the German Luftwaffe, for this was December, 1944, and while American forces were barreling eastward across France, Nazi aircraft tried to pound the British home base. By the time they reached London, the acquaintance between Jesse Thomas and Harry Masters had ripened into a camaraderie born of mutual interests.

The Channel flight was uneventful. At Le Bourget, they boarded a low, black limousine. From the window, as the car picked up speed, Jesse Thomas glanced at the Eiffel Tower spearing

the early morning sky, and wondered how soon the war might be won. "Where shall I drop you?" asked Harry Masters.

"American headquarters on Avenue Wagram," said Jesse

"Good. I know a short-cut." He leaned over towards the driver "Swing left to the Boulevard des Jardins, then turn left on the Rue des Trois Magots."

Jesse interested himself in the slowly waking city. After awhile, he became aware of a car trailing them. "I think we're being followed," he said. Harry Masters stared through the rear window. "You're right. Driver! At the Place de Robespierre, make a sharp right!"

The car spun the corner on two wheels. As their pursuers hove into view, Harry Masters drew an automatic from a concealed holster. Two shots smashed home as a front tire blew. The car careened up on the sidewalk, spilling its occupants, crashed into a shop window

"Italian spies!" snapped Harry Masters, as the injured men crawled away from their vehicle. "Driver! You take care of them. I'll take the wheel, with my friend here."

"Mind if I drive?" asked Jesse, sliding into the driver's seat

"As you wish. I'll tell you where to go."

They drove in silence, swiftly, along the boulevard. At last, Jesse said, "You should've known that smug-

gling, even a box of cigars, is against regulations. And that gun! Couriers are not allowed to carry them. Those Italian spies were genuine, trying to steal my pouches before you could. Even in war, the Italians and Germans don't trust one another."

"So! You realized at last that I am a spy, that I had no intention of driving you to American headquarters but to my own rendezvous. Now, step on the gas! I have wasted enough time with those Italians. Harry Meister—Masters, to you—will get your prized pouches and their top-secret contents!"

Jesse felt the automatic dig into his ribs. "I had you pegged from the start," he said, "but I didn't want to let you get away!"

"Stop chattering, and drive. Faster, faster!"

The car roared down the wide street Jesse glanced at its speedometer. 50 . . . 60 . . . He let his body go limp. He lifted his foot from the gas pedal, and slammed it down on the brake! The car shrieked to a skidding stop. Jesse fell against the steering wheel. Harry Meister jackknifed against the windshield, shattering it, slumped unconscious to the floor.

"Arrest this man," said Jesse to the gendarmes flocking to the scene. "My government will relieve you of him as soon as I can report."

And so Courier Jesse Thomas bagged a spy as well as delivering his two bags of secret messages.

STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233) SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION OF ADVENTURE COMICS, published Monthly at Sparta, Illinois for October 1, 1956.

1. The names and addresses of the Publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, National Comics Publications, Inc., 480 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y., Editor, F. W. Ellsworth, 480 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y., Managing Editor, none Business Manager, J. S. Liebowitz, 480 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

2. The owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address as well as that of each individual member, must be given.) National Comics Publications, Inc., H. Donenfeld, J. S. Liebowitz, P. H. Sampliner, G. Donenfeld, R. Liebowitz, S. U. Sampliner, J. S. Liebowitz & A. I. Menin as Trustees for I. Donenfeld and S. Donenfeld, A. I. Menin & J. I. Golinko as Trustees for L. Liebowitz and J. Liebowitz, A. Donenfeld, F. Iger, H. Donenfeld Foundation, Inc. (a non

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3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: none

4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs shows the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

J. S. LIEBOWITZ, Business Manager
Sworn to and subscribed before me this
24th day of September, 1956
ALFRED B. YAFFE, Notary Public
(Commission expires March 30, 1958)



THE GREEN ARROW

NEVER BEFORE HAD THE FAMED **GREEN ARROW** BEEN ACCUSED OF COWARDICE--BUT NOW, AN ANONYMOUS PERSON HAD STRUCK UPON A UNIQUE WAY TO MAKE SUCH AN ACCUSATION PUBLIC, AND THE EMERALD ARCHER FOUND HIMSELF FORCED TO RE-EVACT THREE DANGEROUS FEATS OF THE PAST, IN ORDER TO DISPROVE...

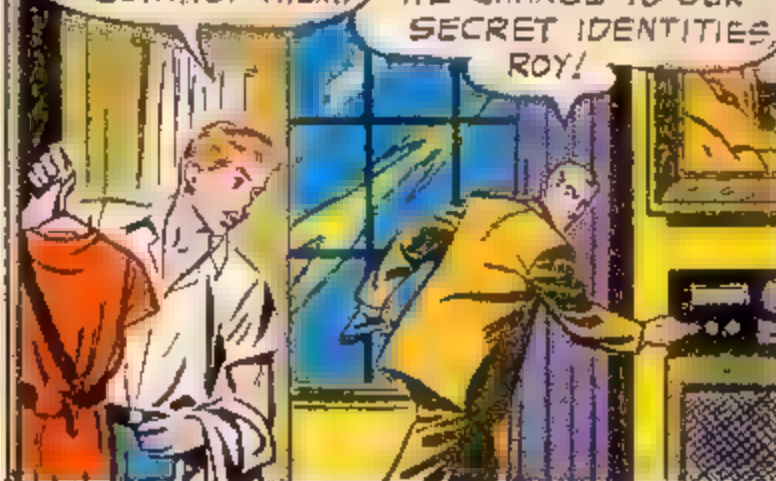
THE THREE WHITE FEATHERS



LATE ONE EVENING AS A BRILLIANT GREEN FLARE BLAZES OVER THE CITY...

THE **ARROW** SIGNAL, OLIVER... POLICE HEADQUARTERS WANTS US TO CONTACT THEM!

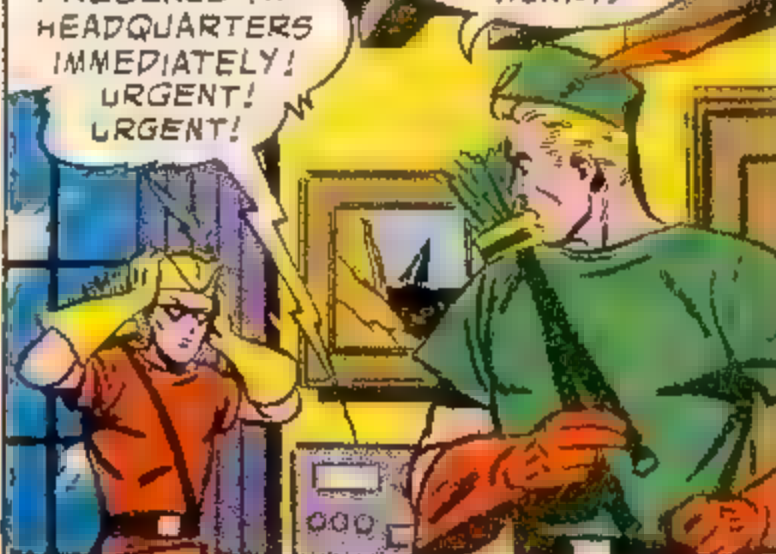
I'LL TUNE THEM IN ON OUR SPECIAL SHORT-WAVE RADIO, WHILE WE CHANGE TO OUR SECRET IDENTITIES, ROY!



AND AS WEALTHY OLIVER QUEEN AND HIS YOUNG WARD, ROY HARPER, DON THEIR FAMED COSTUMES...

ATTENTION, **GREEN ARROW**! REQUEST YOUR PRESENCE AT HEADQUARTERS IMMEDIATELY! URGENT! URGENT!

THE CHIEF SOUNDS ALARMED, **SPEEDY**... WE'D BETTER HURRY!



ARRIVING AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS, THE ARCHERS ARE GREETED BY A SWARM OF NEWSMEN AND PHOTOGRAPHERS...

SAY... WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT, BOYS?

HEADLINE NEWS, **GREEN ARROW**! YOU'VE BEEN ACCUSED OF COWARDICE! THE CHIEF WILL EXPLAIN...

CHIEF OF POLICE
5TH DISTRICT

SHORTLY, AS THE SHOCKING FACTS ARE REVEALED...

SOME ANONYMOUS PERSON SENT THESE THREE **WHITE ARROWS** THROUGH THE MAIL, **GREEN ARROW**! I DON'T HAVE TO TELL YOU WHAT THEY REPRESENT!

THEY'RE SYMBOLIC OF **WHITE FEATHERS**... THE SYMBOL OF A COWARD! BUT **SPEEDY** AND I HAVE NEVER BEEN GUILTY OF THAT, SIR! MAY I SEE THEM?

HMM... I CAN RECALL OUR BATTLES WITH THESE ARCH CRIMINALS, GENTLEMEN-- AND THOUGH OUR ACTIONS MAY HAVE **APPEARED** COWARDLY, THEY CERTAINLY WERE NOT!

WE'RE ON YOUR TEAM, **GREEN ARROW**, THOUGH IT'S TOO BAD YOU CAN'T PROVE THOSE ACCUSATIONS FALSE!

BUT WE CAN, AND WE WILL, GENTLEMEN... TOMORROW! AFTER ALL, **SPEEDY** AND I CAN'T ALLOW OUR REPUTATIONS TO BE SMEARED, WITHOUT A CHALLENGE!

SO NEXT MORNING, THE CITY AWAKENS TO STARTLING HEADLINES...

GREEN ARROW TO RE-ENACT FEATS AT BATTLE LOCALES TO PROVE ACCUSATIONS FALSE

GREEN ARROW ACCUSED OF COWARDICE TO PROVE INNOCENCE

AND AS CROWDS GATHER AT THE CITY AIRPORT...

WHITE ARROW #1 ACCUSED ME OF COWARDICE IN OUR AIR BATTLE WITH THE **SKY RAIDER**! IT MAY HAVE APPEARED SO, FROM THE GROUND...

YOU SEE, THE THIEF WAS UTILIZING ANOTHER SKY ESCAPE AFTER A RAD-- AND **SPEEDY** AND I HAD CALLED UP ON THEM IN OUR **ARROW-PLANE**...

MANEUVER AHEAD OF HIM, **SPEEDY**... I'LL TRY TO FOUL UP HIS PROP WITH A **NET-ARROW**!

"THEN, AS MY SHAFI FOUND ITS MARK..."

IT WORKED, G.A... THE STEEL MESH OF THE **NET ARROW** STOPPED HIS PROP-COLD!

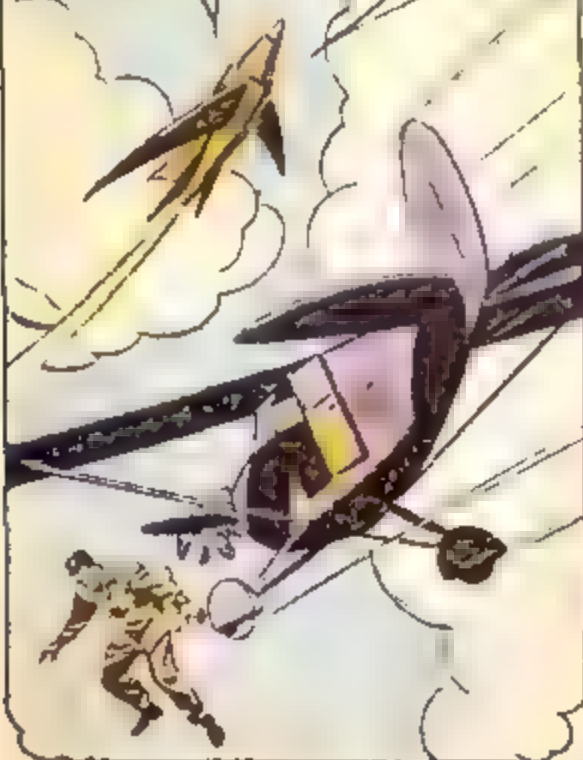
YES, **SPEEDY**... BUT OUR GARRY'S BAILING OUT! I'M GONG AFTER HIM. HAND ME AN **ARROW-CHUTE!**

IN A FRANTIC EFFORT TO GAIN TIME, THE **SKY RAIDER** FREE-FELL 5,000 FEET BEFORE PULLING HIS RIP CORD-- BUT THERE WAS A REASON WHY I DIDN'T TAKE THE SAME GABLE

THAT MARKED CAR MUST HAVE BEEN PLANTED BY THE RAIDER FOR AN EMERGENCY ESCAPE! I'LL BEAT HIM TO THE PUNCH!

BY MANIPULATING MY CHUTE CORDS, I DRIFTED ABOVE THE CAR, WHERE--

THE **ANKLE-CUFF-ARROW** STOPPED HIM DEAD IN HIS TRACKS THE **SKY RAIDER** HAS MADE HIS LAST RAD!



SO IF YOU HADN'T PULLED YOUR CHUTE IMMEDIATELY, AND DRIFTED TO THE CAR, THE **SKY RAIDER'S** FREE-FALL MAY HAVE GIVEN HIM TIME TO ESCAPE!

RIGHT, AND TO PROVE I WAS NO COWARD, I'M GONG TO MAKE THAT **FREE-FALL**, NOW, GENTLEMEN! TAKE HER UP, **SPEEDY!**

BREATHTAKING MINUTES LATER, AS **GREEN ARROW** PLUMMETS DOWN FROM THE SKY...

GOOD GRIEF-- HE'S DROPPED OVER 7,000 FEET! WHY DOESN'T HE PULL THE RIP CORD?

IT'LL SOON BE TOO LATE!

BUT AT THE LAST POSSIBLE INSTANT--

WHEN THERE GOES HIS CHUTE NOW! WHAT COURAGE!

I'LL SAY! THAT SURE PROVES THE FIRST **WHITE FEATHER** ACCUSATION FALSE!



MEANWHILE, WHERE JACKER WHITE DUVV AND A COHORT WATCH NEARBY...

WELL, BOSS, **GREEN ARROW** MET THE FIRST COWARDICE CHALLENGE... AND IT LOOKS LIKE HE'S GOING THROUGH WITH 'EM ALL!

GOOD. 'CAUSE WHEN HE TRIES TO MEET THE **THIRD** CHALLENGE, HE'LL FALL INTO OUR TRAP, NEAT AS YOU PLEASE!

NEXT DAY, AS THE FAMED ARCHER PREPARES TO DISPROVE THE SECOND ACCUSATION...

WE'RE NOW GOING TO SHOW THE **HARBOR THIEF** I WASN'T A COWARD, THAT DAY HE PURSUED HIM ACROSS THE BAY!

AS YOU RECALL HE WAS A MASTER WATER SKIER WHO COMMITTED ALL HIS CRIMES AT SEA...

HA, HA, **GREEN ARROW** IS A CHAMPION WITH THE BOW-- BUT WHEN HE'S ON WATER, I'M THE KING!

SPEEDY... SLOW DOWN!

HAW! I WAS RIGHT... HE'S QUITTING! I FIGURED HE WOULDN'T DARE DUPLICATE MY LEAP!

THE CRIMINAL DIDN'T REALIZE MY REAL REASON FOR JUMPING OFF THE SKIS AND SINKING BELOW THE SURFACE...

THOSE AIR BUBBLES REVEALED THE PRESENCE OF THE **HARBOR THIEF'S** TWO PALS! THEY'VE GOT THE CASH FROM THE HARBOR BANK... AND MY **UNDERWATER ARROWS** CAN TAKE CARE OF THEM!

THEN, AS THE ACE ARCHER MEETS HIS SECOND CHALLENGE...

WHEW! THAT WATER SKI JUMP SURE PROVES HE **WASN'T** AFRAID TO FOLLOW THE **HARBOR THIEF** UP THE LOADING RAMP THAT DAY!

SURE THING! **GREEN ARROW** WAS JUST BEING SMART, ROUNDING UP HIS GANG, THEN CATCHING THE LEADER ON LAND!

THE FOLLOWING AFTERNOON, AS **GREEN ARROW** PREPARES TO MEET THE FINAL CHALLENGE...

YOU MEAN, HE'S GOING TO TRY TO **JUMP** HIS CAR ACROSS THAT CHASM, WHERE THE STORM WASHED OUT THE BRIDGE?

HE HAS TO...



"... BECAUSE THAT'S WHERE HE WAS PURSUING WHITEY DUNN, THE HIJACKER, LAST MONTH, WHEN THE SITUATION OCCURRED..."

LOOK! DUNN CAREENED HIS CAR **THROUGH THE AIR!** HE'S TRYING TO UTILIZE HIS SPEED TO **JUMP** THE SMASHED CHASM BRIDGE!

STEADY, **SPEEDY!**

TOO BAD WE HAVEN'T MORE TIME... WE COULD WEAKEN THIS LEDGE SO THAT THE WEIGHT OF **GREEN ARROW'S** CAR WOULD PLUNGE HIM DOWN INTO-- HUH?? HE **ISN'T** FOLLOWING!

"FURTHER ALONG THE CHASM, THE ARCHER FOUND A NARROW SECTION TO CROSS..."

OUR **BARBED ARROWS** ARE HOLDING ON THE CHASM WALL! LET'S GO, **SPEEDY...**

RIGHT, **G.A.**! HOPE THEY DON'T ELUDE US!

BUT HE WAS TOO LATE... DUNN HAD A HELICOPTER WAITING ON THE OTHER SIDE! AND NOW... THERE GOES **GREEN ARROW!**

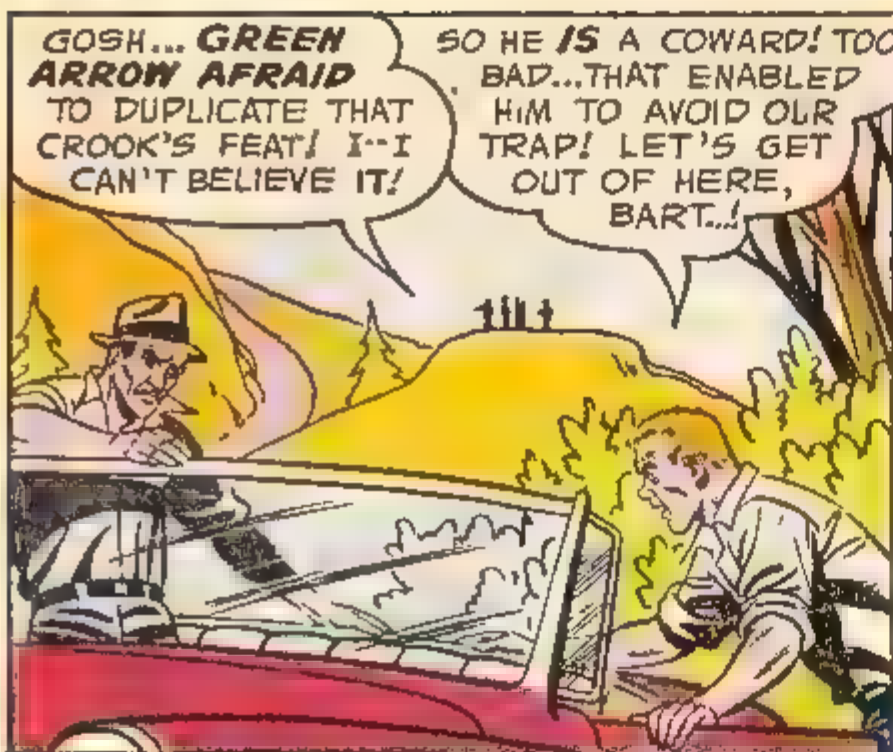
THIS IS IT! WHEN THE **ARROWCAR** LANDS ON OUR SIDE, THIS WEAKENED LEDGE WILL GIVE WAY, DROPPING **GREEN ARROW** INTO THE DEEP CHASM!

HERE HE COMES! LET'S TAKE COVER AND WATCH THE FUN!

BUT AT THE VERY LAST INSTANT...

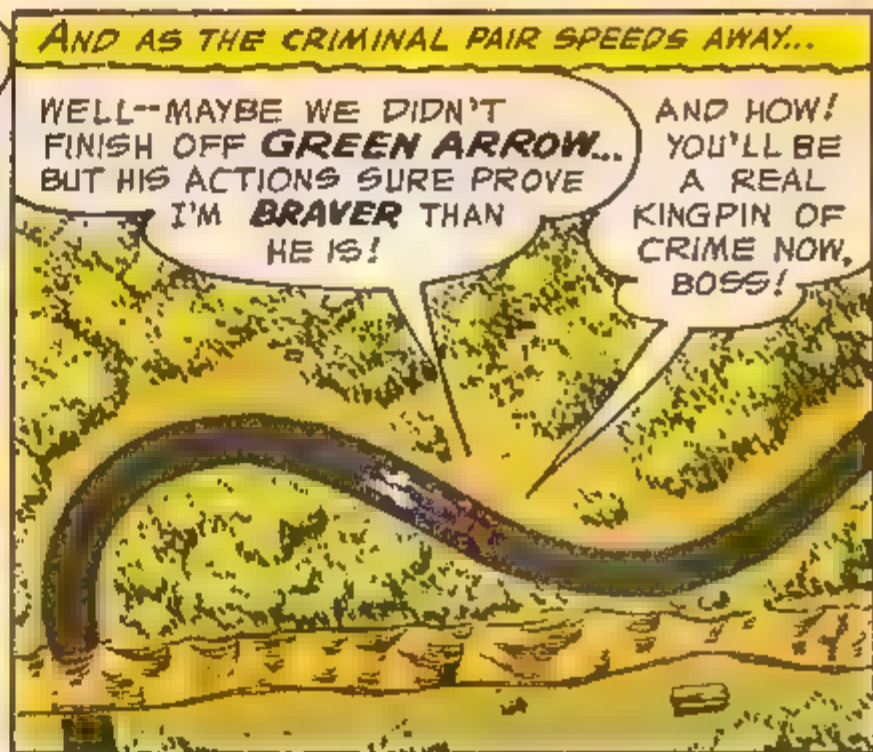
WHAT...! HE VEERED OFF AGAIN!

H-H-E DIDN'T **DARE** MAKE THE JUMP!



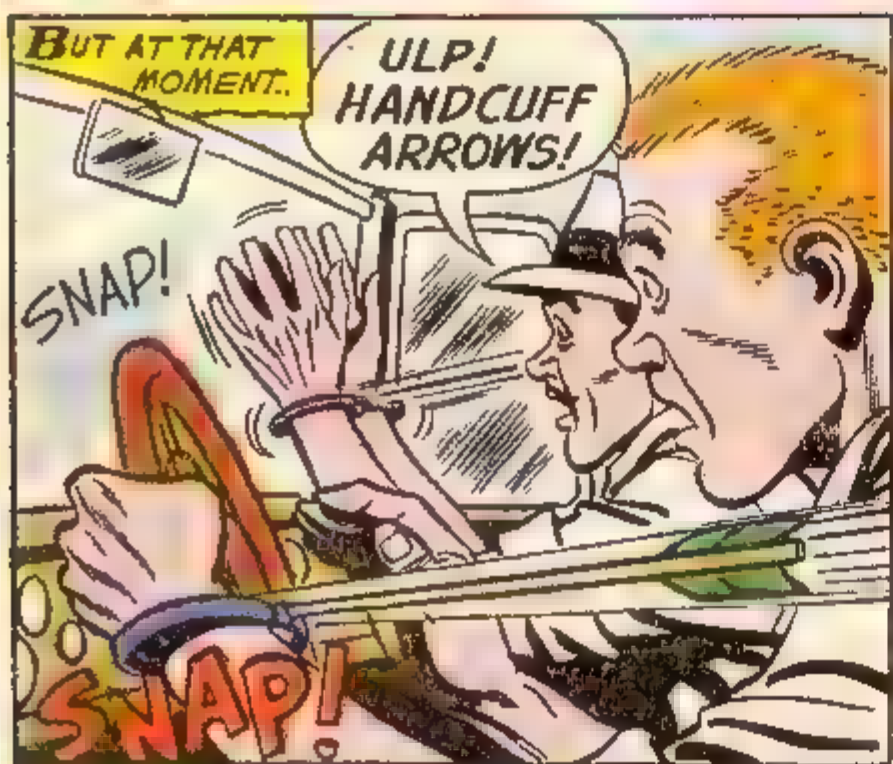
GOSH... **GREEN ARROW AFRAID** TO DUPLICATE THAT CROOK'S FEAT! I--I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!

SO HE **IS** A COWARD! TOO BAD...THAT ENABLED HIM TO AVOID OUR TRAP! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE, BART...



AND AS THE CRIMINAL PAIR SPEEDS AWAY... WELL--MAYBE WE DIDN'T FINISH OFF **GREEN ARROW**.. BUT HIS ACTIONS SURE PROVE I'M **BRAVER** THAN HE IS!

AND HOW! YOU'LL BE A REAL KINGPIN OF CRIME NOW, BOSS!

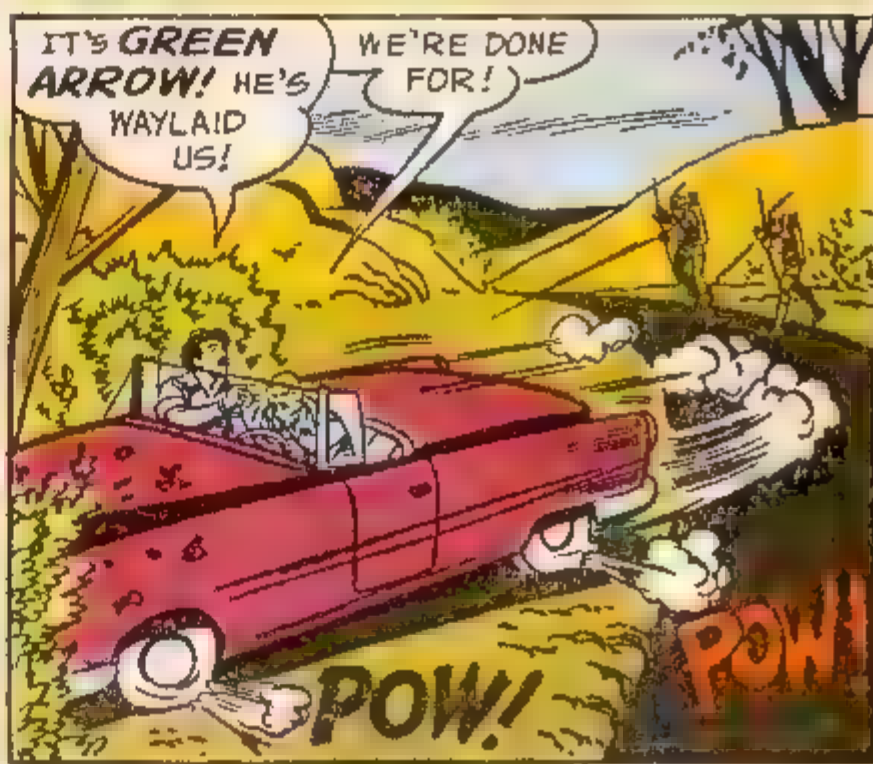


BUT AT THAT MOMENT..

ULP! HANDCUFF ARROWS!

SNAP!

SNAP!



IT'S **GREEN ARROW**! HE'S WAYLAID US!

WE'RE DONE FOR!

POW!

POW!



AFTERWARD, AS THE CLEVER ARCHER EXPLAINS HIS STRATEGY TO REPORTERS...

YOU MEAN... YOU SENT THOSE "COWARD" ARROWS TO YOURSELF, TO BAIT DUNN? BUT HOW COULD YOU REASON HE WOULD TRY TO TRAP YOU?

THIS **RADIO ARROW** PICKED UP HIS CONVERSATION ON THE FIRST JOB! HE REGRETTED NOT HAVING **TIME** TO WEAKEN THE LEDGE THEN!



YOU SEE--THE **FIRST** TIME, I FIGURED WE COULD CUT HIM OFF ON THE ONE ROAD LEADING AWAY FROM THE BRIDGE! HE TRICKED US WITH THAT HELICOPTER, THOUGH!



SO YOU **WEREN'T** AFRAID THAT FIRST TIME!

HE SURE WASN'T! AND **G.A.** KNEW THAT DUNN WOULD TAKE ADVANTAGE OF OUR **DUPLICATING** THE CRIME CHASES, TO WEAKEN THE LEDGE THIS TIME! BUT THINGS REVERSED THEMSELVES. HE FELL INTO OUR TRAP!

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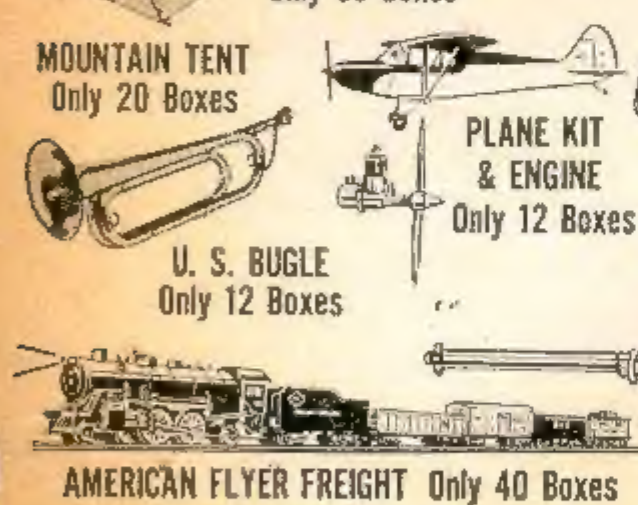
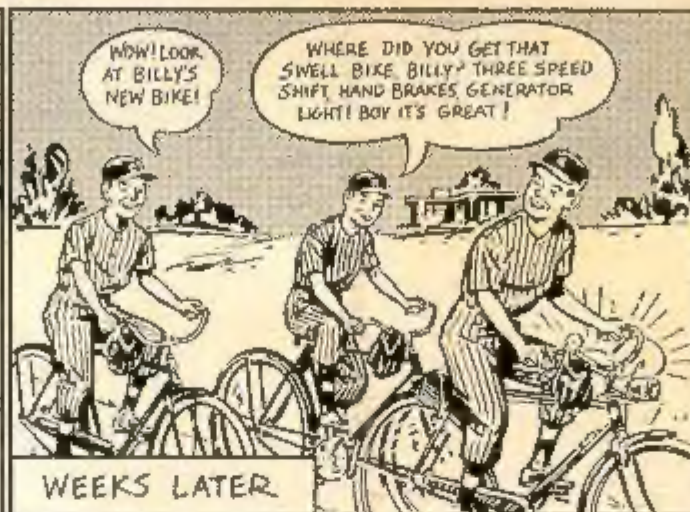
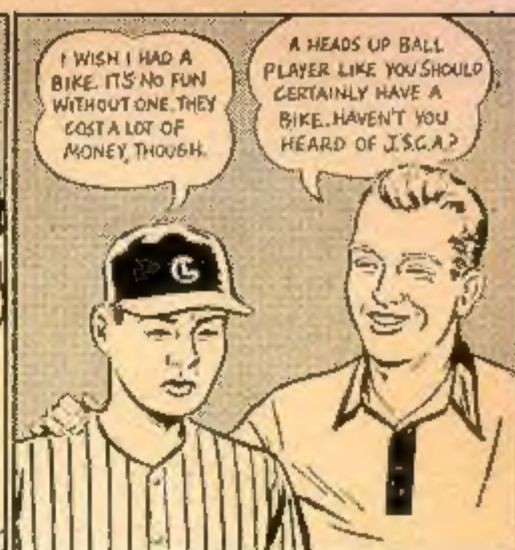
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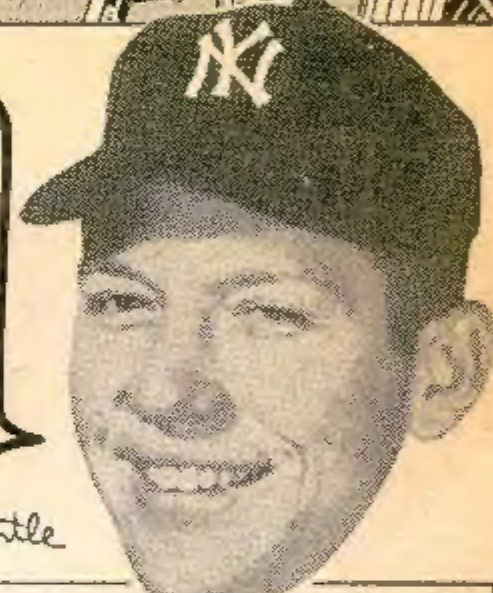
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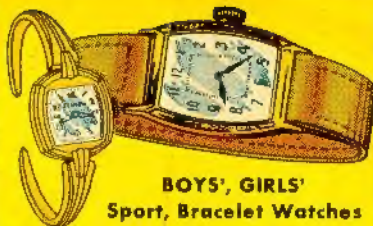
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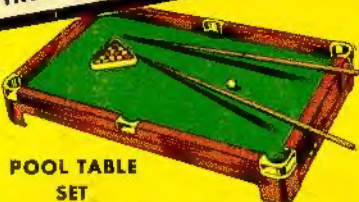
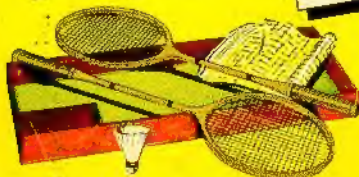


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